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GOOD-BYE.

I.

Oh why, my own, dear love, dear heart,
Must thou go from me to the cruel sea,
And leave my heart to yearn and break for thee
When we are leagues of wave apart?
How wild the sea sobs through the night!
When thou art gone I will sob for thee,
Chilling my soul with sudden fright
That thou mayst ne'er come back to me.
Stay love, oh stay!

II.

Ah no, ah no, I must be strong,
I'll still my weary soul, so filled with fear,
I will not hold thee so, nor urge thee dear,
The hours, the days, will be so long,
But I'll unloose my clinging hand,
I'll lift my eyes to meet the day
When thou must sail to that strange land
So far, so far, so far away.
Good-bye, good-bye!

KITTIE.

RED KELLY;

OR,

The Free Riders of the Plains.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES,

AUTHOR OF "WERTZAL, THE SCOUT," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

WESTWARD TOWARD THE ROCKIES.

When Griff came to the end of the line of trees, favored by the darkness afforded by the clouded sky, he wheeled suddenly, and dashed back on the other side of the belt.

He had not ridden fifty yards when his horse stumbled, and halting first upon his knees, he thence fell upon his nose, and finally hurled himself flat upon his side quite under the low trees.

What at first appeared to Griff as a direful misfortune, worked out a different end. The young man immediately placed himself astride the beast's neck—finding that there was no time to raise and mount the animal—giving him to understand that so long as he had chosen to assume this humble position, he must lie content.

Ten minutes after he had suddenly dropped out of the evening landscape, two mounted men dashed past, almost within touching distance of him.

Before they had ridden far they missed him from the scene, and with many oaths checked their speed. What if the prostrate animal should struggle to rise, or should utter the faintest neigh? Drops of sweat stood on Griff's face at the probability.

"He'll get a good start," uttered one, with a chilling oath; and again putting spurs to their beasts they dashed back the way they had come.

What was to be done? The young man's horse had been ridden far that day, and might travel quite well at a slow pace, but being of a decidedly asthmatical turn, he could do nothing on a sharp, persistent run—therefore Griff abandoned him, and taking to his feet, strode past the renegade camp, where, through the gaps of the brush, he could see the twinkle of the flattening fires. He soon had the happiness to strike the open plain unmolested, where he applauded himself in a meagre way for the refreshing manner in which he had been sold.

He vowed to shoot, irrespective of age, sex or color, the first person who ventured within hearing or range, without allowing them the benefit of challenge or prayer.

Luckily for age, sex and color, nothing crossed the path of this exasperated fellow; but with the bear in his eye—figurative—and St. Charles's Wain upon his shoulder, having somehow got the finger of his spiritual compass broken—he made such good paces that at daybreak he was two miles *beyond* D——, and still measuring the country with *two feet to the yard*. However a good laity prompted him to question a squad of soldiers, whom he met, as to his locality—and finding, like many another person, that he had overdone the business, he gently turned about and retraced his steps.

A few hours of rest and reflection, and Griff began to realize what a wonderful escape he had had from an ignominious death, and to feel duly thankful for his temporal salvation.

One or two such adventures as this might have disquieted, disgusted and changed the purposes of another man than young Griffith Hume; but no; the wild life began to have charms for him. Others lived and succeeded and built up a fortune and a home here—maybe, forgot the past; anyway, he had linked his fortunes with the West, and here he should stay.

Back again at Pultneyville, and he found a letter awaiting him, from De Lancy.

"I have seen Colonel Dewey," he wrote, "and made arrangements; and my headquarters henceforth will be here in L——, where you can find me any time. Make haste to report yourself, Griff.

"D. De Lancy."

Griff, however, had not yet decided upon a future occupation, and with somewhat of Micawber's faith but none of his inactivity, he "waited for something to turn up."

If the reader will let me skip over a few months of time, I will express myself much obliged, as there is nothing of note to relate as connected with our acquaintances. Griff had employed some weeks in visiting the forts and outposts, not exactly looking after a hat-band with tassels of yellow, but for full more of a vagrant purpose; being a corresponding editor and reporter for several Eastern papers; but about the time when we piece together the thread of our narrative again, an eastern periodical had acted as reporter to him, bringing an item under his eye, that stung like a wasp and made his nerves shrink and quiver like a sore cut. Not to cause my gentle auditors a sleepless moment I will explain.

A misunderstanding, followed by a downright quarrel with one Elsie Blair, had caused him to emigrate West, and now her marriage to a rich, old and successful rival, had gone like a hot wire through his heart, doing away forever in his mind with all hopes, plans and fancies connected with "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

He did not, like many another man in his place, fly to the Fool's Nepenthe—drink, to drown his disappointment; but he chose the dissipation of the wild, daring, dangerous life of the frontiersman.

How little the world at large know of the dead. How many lie buried without a head-stone. How many new sepulchres have urned the *one* where no other has yet lain, and rolled the stone of hard, disciplined every-day life against the door. You know, and you, and you, dear reader; and we all have our "holy of holies" where we alone walk and wring our helpless hands and moan over what "might have been;" but we will turn squarely away from these fancies, although the bonds that extend from you to me are felt and cannot be sundered.

What Griff's thoughts were we will not tell during that first night after he had learned that Elder Ellphalet Street had made Joseph Underwood and Elsie Blair man and wife, without his being able to call out "I forbid the bans;" but all the next day he clung to his briar-wood mortar with his jaw-teeth, and smoked as if on a wager with distant Vesuvius, and answered what questions were put to him so wide of the mark, that a young officer of the barracks hurled at him pointedly:

"Oh, Felix, oh, Felix, be ye dhrunk? Or be ye mad?"

And you will not be surprised when I farther add that a day or two after, while he was down at Fort H——, meeting unexpectedly a person for whom he had conceived a lively interest, he should for the time agree to join the issue of fortune with him.

It happened in this wise: Sitting with some of the soldiers on a bench in the barracks, all wonderfully subdued by the light of the young moon, and listening dreamily to the occasional laughter of the fellows outside, while the stars sat sleepily on their thrones, and Luna held her one rocker drowsily above the dark belt that bound the earth and sky together, as the eye fancies, there was a shadow thrown against the stockade—a sort of columnar shadow—tall, thin and tower-like moving in odd outline steadily, steadily forward; and after a time advanced straight toward the fort and the two or three musing preoccupied, perhaps homesick fellows upon the benches.

As the shadow was thrown along by Griff's feet, there seemed to issue from the top of the outline a short, flickering smoke.

The frequent challenges of the sentinels had accustomed the more fortunate sentinelled fellows to the sharp, brief questioning, therefore, by the merest accident, Griff's eye rested on the strange shape lying across the sward by his feet.

He glanced quickly up, leaped to his feet, and ejaculated in the heartiest tones, "Champ!"

"DOWN THE NEAR BANK, UP THE FAR, SCRAMBLED CAT-LIKE AND SAVE THE INDIAN'S HORSE; BUT ACROSS IT, HIGH AND CLEAR, THUNDERED THE GRAY STALLION, STRIKING THE FARTHER BANK WITH SUFFICIENT FORCE TO SHORTEN CHAMP'S TEETH THE FRACTION OF AN INCH."

"His verytable slim rovin' figgor," returned the scout, warmly, shaking the extended hand.

"And I hope," continued Griff, "that I may wish you joy in the success of your undertaking."

Champ slowly and solemnly shook his head.

"On-equivercal defeat."

"Did the ruffians elude you?"

"Thar trail cum to an ontimely eend. Arter waitin' a proper spell for Vitee I concluded he war not comin' up, an' pushed on alone. They had a smart woman, with 'em, an' I tracked 'em by pieces of her dress which she tore off an' dropped in the night when her captors didn't see her. They took a west of south course till in the edge of New Mexico, where thar seems to er bin suthin' gone agin thar grain in the form of a war party ov brunets. They had a game er duble-shuffle, and the cropple-crowns made off with sum upper-leather and the gal. I then sot my toe marks tother way, but soon found I was follering a large number ov braves who made straight for or beyond the Rockies."

"And?" prompted Griff.

"I hev found Vitee who is goin' that way with a party of trappers, an' I'm gwine ter jine him 'twixt now an' ter-morror night, when I sha'n't sight civilization agin until I git hold er Ben Bradford's girl or find out whar her body es buried."

"Come, Champ, now's my time," said Griff, not yet recovered from the eastern sting, "you promised to pilot me about some when I chose."

"Yer right, an' yer ken jist jine this show an' h'ist yer buffs toward the eternal Hills. But yer mus'n't git homesick, as 'twill be likely ter be a long visit as we'll make. Ef we don't find the gal I shall take up my persistunt quarters on the side of the mountings, an' ef I do find her an' ken send her in by a safe escort I may stay till spring."

"It matters but little to me," returned the young man. "How long before you start?"

"A marter ov two hours."

"I will not be so long absent, as I have only a letter or two to write."

"That's it, an' I'll chor my peaceful end behind the stockade until yer jine me."

In less than three hours the two men, with their rifles slung across their shoulders, were moving westward upon the plains, expecting to meet Vitee on one of the forks of the Platte River, where he had arranged to wait the arrival of Champ.

Vitee's party consisted of a number of old Oregonian hunters and trappers, and some wild fellows who insisted that they were competent to guide the company over the Rocky range, along the savage tract beyond, across the Cascades to the jumping-off corner of Vancouver's Island.

The several pack-horses attached to this company made a respectable caravan of it. Divers objects actuated the different members of the expedition. Some were merely explorers on their own responsibility; some were traders, intending to open a retail traffic with the aboriginals; yet again others from a morbid love of wild adventure, were moving in the train. Champ's object we know, and the motives of Griff, if he had any, are patent to the reader.

It was a wild, festive and exciting scene into which Champ and his companion were introduced on the evening of the second day of their leaving the fort. The rough men, grown careless of danger and inured to hardships, enjoy their seasons of feasting with something of a cannibal relish, and were on this occasion merrily squatting about the fires builded of rubbish and offal gathered from every quarter, and roasting prodigal chunks of a buffalo slain a few hours previously.

A hilarious welcome, and a huge apron of steak jauntily broiling upon two sticks, awaited Champ; and a companion slice was presented to the coals wherewith to line his companion's stomach.

"Little men," observed Champ, patronizingly, addressing the company, "ain't yer carmp-meetin' a leetle noisy? The grass is thick an' tall, an' morgason's stuithy feet-gear! Eh?"

"Our fellows hev all come in from the four cardinal p'ints, an' report a clear swish ev grass 'tween here an' ther bound ev vision; an' air we reptiles that we shood grind our feed without no jaw?"

Champ answered:

"Take keer, boys, Doly will bu'st; he kan't hope to corntain hisself whole fur a great while."

This was the opening for furious discharges of genuine, unpolished humor, that made the grimmest among them smile.

Griff found all his preconceived ideas of Vitee put to flight by actual contact with the famous border hero. He had unconsciously patterned the "Indian tamer" after Champ, Duffy or other rough frontiersmen. He found a man of medium height, finely formed, with thick, close-cut black hair and mustache, and a soft, dark, melancholy eye, with clear-cut features that would show the slightest quiver of the muscles. A close inspection showed here and there a silver thread in his hair, and led one to believe him to be in the neighborhood of forty-five years of age. His speech was different from the shaggy fellows around him, although he in no wise held himself above them.

Pipes followed, as dessert, after supper, and, ere long, posting scouts on all sides, the majority of the hunters betook themselves to sleep with as much careless relish as if within the most substantial fort.

With daylight all were astir, Champ and Vitee having started on ahead at earliest dawn, to acquaint themselves with the nature of the landscape ahead of them. They made what pace they pleased for the day entirely unmolested, but at sundown discovered, with some anxiety, the thin, spiral coil of smoke that proclaimed a camp-fire, but a comparatively short distance from them.

Champ, slinging his rifle over his shoulder, declared that he was "gwine ter see who was roasting venison by that ar blaze," and declining company, promised to return in a short time. His return, three hours later, with a company of five persons, for divers and sundry reasons, caused considerable commotion in the original camp. First Griff was surprised nearly out of his breath on beholding, among the number, Dempster, the naturalist. Next, there was a wild and startled exclamation from some of the new comers, upon recognizing friend or foe in the motley groups of trappers and rangers making up the expedition.

"It's allus best ter be sociable when it's posserbel ter do so at advantage. Now, this comrad," nodding toward the professor, "in kicking about, hunting for cabernuts—don't believe that kind grows hereabouts—sez he seed a showy little party er reds heddin' directly fur our cardinal p'ints, and what ther reason is that they hain't stopped inter tea with us is one marter ov wonderment; an' another is, whar on airth hev they hid their bacon. I feel mostly ez of we might er be settin' on er pismire's neest. An' that ar man," elevating his eyebrows toward Dempster, "has no more natural fear o' them brunets, than a baby has ov a rattlesnake. Near's I ken find out, he was in er little holler among ther rocks, an' watched that ar kavalkade of clover-blooms go past him with the greatest unconcern."

A smile widened the mouths of his listeners, and the professor, who had flung himself down beside Griff, further explained:

"My original plan was to cross the Rocky Mountains into the metal territories farther south of this latitude, but the company with whom we intended to move were laggard, or had changed their plans, and so we started with Pierre Lentwig as guide, and thought it likely we might be about as safe as with a larger force."

Champ shook his head.

"It's a dangerous country round her, an' a little beyond pimply an' infested with vermin, an' I motion that every man cultervates long ears."

"You have crossed this mountain-chain before?" questioned Dempster.

"Yas, sundry times; never twice in ther same route, so I don't know myself what we're a comin' outo. The reds hereabout air a preditorry an' covetchus people, an' it ain't best ter mix up much with 'em."

"You do not imagine that they are acquainted with the whereabouts of your party?" Dempster addressed Champ.

"A fellar has no means of knowin' what's in an Injin's head aside from insects. But what's that on ther knoll yender? Be quiet, be quiet; it meanders like a grizzly—at or ventur', it's on all fours."

A hunter brought his rifle to bear upon the object so dimly defined against the sky.

"Don't yer, don't yer," remonstrated the scout, "that mayn't be a bar. I've seen other statists take that way ter reckonorter afore now; an' sumtimes techin one hornit brings a hole neest full outer ye; more'n yer ken handle. I don't advise ther firin' ov er musket at present. Ther country a leetle beyond makes or devil ov er row in its ravines an' cliffs with any loose noise that starts up in ther night. Say, leetle men, that ar brewin hes an imperdunt way ov surveyin' our arrangemunts, an' I reak my sugar loaf on er bet that I could git er quicker surrender from any one on ye by goin' down yer back with or fork in each hand than that fellar could with his claws. At a ventar' the skin's dry."

"Injin!"

"Yas, thar he goes over the bulge without er suspicion that he's been seed. Now then, that ars a warnin' ter hossflesh."

"Jes so, Champ; they'll either attack us, or attempt a stampede."

"Perswade them coals ter go out an' smut thar noses, an' we'll stack arms, an' legs, too, in a persish to retain our hossmeat."

The camp was watchful all through the night, but no alarm was given. As Champ had said, there was no knowing what beside insects might be in an Indian's head. But the incident incited them all to be wary.

The next day they moved forward at a good pace, having little to trouble them aside from Dempster's proclivity to straggle about in quest of specimens.

"And, good Lord," exclaimed Champ, "ef he's sot upon by ther free riders, what can he do with his back bent under that mine er rocks."

Certainly, the professor's bumps that pertain to caution had not been well-developed, else he was so absorbed in his favorite pursuit as not to heed the inward monitor.

They came into the close vicinity of the Black Mountains. Here a discussion concerning the best and safest routes ensued, which resulted in a dissolving of partnership, and quite a splitting up of the original party into two divisions. One swept to the west of north along the foothills, the other moved directly west toward the savage cliffs and defiles of the mountains. They parted on amicable terms enough, appointing a place of probable meeting months ahead.

On this very day after the separating of the hunters, our party, as we call that to which Champ and Griff were attached, struck along an old trail, that led toward the wild ravines and chasms of the chain before them. The scouts could distinguish where a party of victorious warriors had gone by the erratic hoof-marks outside the beaten trail, as the free riders had inspired their steeds with their own festive spirits. Along the route were the ashes of frequent fires where the rapacious hordes had gorged themselves upon buffalo or elk, and while scrutinizing the remains of one of these feasts, where bones and dead coals and ashes were lying loosely together Champ uttered so wild and unexpected a yell, that the vigilant fingers of the trappers involuntarily pressed the hammers of their rifles.

"What is it?" they questioned in a breath.

Only a scrap of cloth held between his thumb and finger—a gray, faded rag, not larger than a leaf, and kept in place by the corner of a stone.

Perhaps more than one spectator thought that the scout had taken leave of his senses. Griff and Vitee, however, divined the secret even before he had drawn from the leathern pouch at his waist one or two other scraps of cloth and spread them side by side upon his palm.

"This hes been stormed on meany times an' is bleached; but tell me, boys, ef ther figger ain't ther same—ar! I know it. I told yer that they'd tuk her off towards these cussed suller holes of the Rockies. This is a bit of Ben's girl's gown—poor thing! But how long hes it bin here is the question."

"There is no means of knowing what tribe has her?"

"Oh, no, they fight an' steal so—besides, the caverns hereabouts are burrows fur the outlaws ov civilization, an' she may hev been with Ben in Heaving fur months; but ez thar's no way ov knowing so, I shell—in that case—hunt fur her grave an' fur the chap ax tuk her measure on ther sod, an' then—he'll wish he'd bin ded afore he waz borned."

After an hour's farther march, they noticed a high, conical hill some distance in advance, and Champ says:

"Vitee, I'm gwine a leetle in advance. You keep ther fellars clus, fur ef I'm not out in my reckin' thar'll be som'at visible from that bulge, an' we ken shape our course arterwards by what diskiveries we make."

The party left grouped around in a ravine to await the scout's return. While thus employed, we will take a glimpse at one or two interesting characters in the group. Of the party with Dempster, whom Champ had brought in, two were types of the ordinary ranger, and one was a boy of perhaps fourteen years, and his elder brother. It was the latter who had uttered the wild ejaculation of surprise or terror when brought by the scout among the score of motley men composing the original company. He seemed not more than nineteen years of age, with close-cropped curling brown hair, and wearing a slouched hat that shaded and protected a fair, broad forehead, and in a measure concealed the expression of the upper part of his features. His face was very dark for the color of his hair, and his wide, handsome eyes were as soft as velvet in general expression.

His invariably even temper and obliging disposition made him a universal favorite, and the idol of his young brother. His handiness as cook and his cleverness in repairing rents in the accoutrements rendered him an indispensable adjunct to the expedition. It was explained that the two boys had no near relatives, unless they found an uncle, whom it was supposed was mining in Arizona, and thither they calculated eventually to drift.

They, with Prof. Dempster, had supposed themselves engaged to go in company with several scouts and trappers who were going to cross to that locality; but the party failing to appear, as agreed upon, they had started with smaller escort, and finally drifted up toward the northwest, rather content, it seemed, than otherwise, to do so.

Vitee's cold, undemonstrative nature seemed to thaw out wonderfully toward Len Felix and his boy brother. They sat much apart from the others, conversing in low, grave tones upon subjects widely sundered from the general conversation around them.

They were thus withdrawn, Vitee dreamily smoking his pipe, the other lying gracefully back, with his arms folded under his head, when Champ returned from his survey of the country.

"Thar's a village of Kians," (Cheyennes) explained the scout, "in a green valley ter ther west ov us, an' I should perpose a trade, but the braves are all on the war-path, an' nothin' but squaws air about the lodges."

"Have you any idea that the girl may be among these savages?"

Champ shook his head.

"No, Vitee, I'm afeard we're not agwine ter be so lucky as to find the gal in such good hands. The Kians air Injins, an' accessarily cussid enough, but the Sioux, the Blackfeet and Komanches air a stretch orhed in devilishness."

They were surprised in the midst of

their evening meal by the sudden appearance of a band of savages among the rocky hills westward, who surveyed them warily, and who, Champ affirmed, "must hev sprung from a fissure in the rocks," as no such party was within range of his vision a half hour previous.

Their disordered appearance and draggling halters of green hide betrayed the probable fact that they had either been making a raid upon some other tribe, or were striving to evade pursuit.

Vitee immediately announced that he intended to speak to them, and ascertain, if possible, whether they knew aught of the poor captive, Marie Bradford.

Their being in the vicinity of the Cheyennes' village induced the scout to try and obtain speech with them. Therefore, advancing out from the rest of the party, he extended his arms and went through a pantomime of signals, readily understood by the free riders, but not one of them would leave the covert of the rocks.

"Somethin's up," said Champ. "I calkerlate that them's the old men an' boys, either watchin' for their own braves, or somebody else's braves ter descend upon ther village. Now, as soon as dusk, let's climb sum er the nubbles an' watch ther explanation on it all."

Night fell dark with clouds. The company of trappers changed their position so as to be near the lodges of the red men. With pickets posted they awaited results.

From an eminence at early dawn they descried a band of warriors winding down the distant hills tricked out in all the paraphernalia of savage grandeur. Tufts rose airily, long, coarse hair streamed in the wind, and gaudy caparisons slapped the fetlocks of the horses.

Then from the village swarmed men, women and children with wild and festive outcries. They poured forth to greet the victorious chiefs. From those who had lost friends ascended wild and blood-curdling howls of distress and despair. Those returning brought horses and booty and captives. Preparations for an enlivening celebration commenced. There were to be fireworks and a scalp dance on the green, with music from the Cheyenne band, and the trappers lying closely in the caverns resolved to remain and take tickets for the jubilee.

Through the day the legs jerked, and the arms tossed in convulsions, and whether the hallelujahs of victory were loudest or the *te deums* for the warriors immigrated to the happy hunting grounds, the battered tympanums of the listeners' ears could not distinguish; but they felt that they had got their money's worth before the exhibition was over.

At daybreak the following morning there was a side show not laid down in the programme. During the night the scouts had passed around the village, concluding it the better way not to call in this carnival season for the war spirit might not yet be glutted.

Testimony prior to mine has shown the original aborigine to be a cute fellow, and from subsequent events it appeared that either at the time of the triumphal return of the braves, or afterward at the social hop, a Gentile red, or half-breed, had surreptitiously entered the camp with malice a prepense to steal.

What could our white friends think, other than that a new Vesuvius was erupting around their heads, for there had burst from the revellers below a sort of winged dragon, who circled the hill where, in one of the fissures, Vitee's party was hidden, and commenced a heterogeneous descent of the precipitous western cliffs. He was bearing off a captive from the convivial camp. Whether our friends would have disturbed themselves, if it had been simply a case of "dog eat dog" we cannot tell; but the captive struggling in the iron grasp of the red dragon, threw up her hands and turned her face toward the hills.

"God of the univarse!" ejaculated Champ, "a horse! the best one—quick, cut the pack straps—yender is Ben's gal—I'm enuff for him. Take care o' ther boys, Vitee—don't leave yer hole till night—fare-well."

With desperate leaps the horse crashed down the craggy, mountainous slope. The Indian's small, supple beast squirmed downward with all a cat's fleet agility. Champ's powerful gray stallion did his best; whether his leaps were sideways, perpendicular or straightforward, he kept his feet under him, tearing the moss and turf, hurling the loose rocks, yet with distended nostrils and flying limbs he held his course, seeming as fierce for the pursuit as his rider; and Champ, sometimes with his feet literally braced against the animal's ears, anon holding by tooth and nail, found himself wondering whether it were a horse or an avalanche that was sweeping him down the hill.

Just at its foot was a brawling stream, wide and with deep banks, although the water was shallow. Down the near bank, up the far, scrambled cat-like and safe the Indian's horse; but across it, high and clear, thundered the gray stallion, striking the further bank with sufficient force to shorten Champ's teeth the fraction of an inch. Then into the verdurous valley beyond rushed the pursued and the pursuer.

Twice the scout raised his rifle, but by some fiendish legerdemain the savage divined what might be expected, and swung his captive across his shoulders as if she were a sack of corn, and so lowered his adversary's musket.

Champ rode a powerful horse; while, however superior might be the Indian's steed, it was doubly burdened, and would in a long run be captured. Why the captor did not kill his victim was evident to his pursuer. They, doubtless, were nearing the villain's rendezvous, where he was sure of aid. Skirting the hilly range, the warrior held to the valley; but Champ reined up on an adjoining eminence, and as he expected, discerned at the extreme end of the lovely vale a dozen birch-bark lodges pitched upon the banks of a mountain stream.

Dismounting, he led his horse behind a stunted clump of bush, and warily watched the warrior. Scouring straight across the green valley, he made his way past these wigwams and disappeared in the defiles beyond. But the red man is crafty, and sometimes has considerable of a quantity of ideas in his narrow-pointed skull. He might purposely have crossed the valley to mislead his pursuer, and he might not; but he had a tireless hound upon his track that would eventually run him down.

Later in the day the scout crept closer to the lodges to reconnoitre. Disconnecting, if possible, the barbarous nature from the Indian in one's mind, the scene before the white man was enchanting. The vale, of several acres' breadth opened between broken, hilly ridges, threaded with crystal rills. Wandering buffalo and elk afforded sweet and juicy meats, and the streams were not lacking in fish. The lodges stood picturesque and sweet-scented, at a distance, with buxom squaws mending the ruddy blaze upspringing around the swaying pots, and the light, unstable bark canoes resting their noses on the bank held squads of gabbling infant "Injins," while others gambolled unrestrained by cumbrous garments upon the soft grass. Distance screened their greasy and smutty faces, as it did the untidy petticoats of the squaws, and modified the fervid smells meandering among the accumulating ordal. Altogether it would be pronounced a wild and charming picture of savage life.

At noon the sun had withdrawn behind heavy clouds that piled stormily together, and by nightfall a rising wind wailed dismally among the hills. Champ, leaving his horse in safe quarters, cautiously advanced to meet his party.

They effected their descent safely, and joined him before midnight. By that time the storm was raging furiously, and the entire party sought the shelter of the rocky fissures.

They laid out their plans, and as the tempest abated a little after midnight, the two scouts deemed it best to advance quite into the Indian village, to see what they could discover. The horses were placed in a proper position, and left in charge of the rest of the party. After making sure that each person understood the arrangements, Champ and Vitee crept forward as still as two grim spectres.

The lull foretold more furious attack. The storm trod the hills with rumbling feet, and yelled itself hoarse in the mountain passes.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RESCUE OF THE CAPTIVE.

In the most pretentious of the lodges, curled hopelessly away in the corner upon a pile of skins, lay Ben Bradford's daughter. Dying hope had well-nigh yielded to despair. She could only fear that even Champ might long ere this have fallen a sacrifice to the atrocities of the times. What would have been her emotions had she known how closely they were to her now—friends ready to shed their blood for her and the common cause of humanity.

How wild, savage and dreadful had been her experience for the last few months. Her heart-broken sorrow for the murder of her parents had rendered her apathetic to her own fate.

And now the furious storm shook the foundations of the earth, it seemed, in its mad revel. The rain struck with a deafening, thunderous sound upon the bark wigwam, and in her curled-up position the poor girl slept and forgot her troubles only as they might be recalled in the phantasms of dreams.

Nothing could be done for her release that night, owing to the darkness and the uncertainty of her direct whereabouts. Therefore, burrowing like moles into the crevices of the hills, the faithful scouts watched the village, having previously hidden their company in a close ravine where there was no danger of surprize.

They made out through the day that there might be nearly a score of braves, but saw nothing of the white captive, and might have grown faint-hearted had not the matchless eyes of Champ discovered in the chief and half-breed dandy of the village the furious rider of the previous day. He probably calculated that his nice little stratagem of the day before had sent the pale-face beyond the camping-ground on a wild-goose chase that might allow of his being gobbled up by some voracious band following the scent of blood.

Just as the sun sent his golden arrows down from the distant purpling ridges the vigilant eyes from the rocky caves saw a pale, clear face curtained by long, fair hair glance forth from the opening of the lodge. An old squaw, with a face the size of a pot-lid, sat close by holding persistently the black clay pipe between her yellow fangs, the proverbially dusky ringlets hanging limp and unexpectant around her smoky cheeks; and altogether this jailor of Maria Bradford might have been a model for a porteress to Beelzebub's coal-pit. Upon the appearance of the white captive the old squaw belched forth a stream of liquid Indian rhetoric, that caused an instantaneous retreat of the poor girl to the aromatic interior.

"That's 'nuff," whispered Champ to Vitee, "more'd be a superflewity. I shall take ther gal out er her purty leetle nessi ter night an' leave marm squar ter cluck in vain, while yender cropple-crown'd strut parades his feathers. I'm thinkin' ter alter his cumplexion—gin him blew eyes an' sandy hair—pervidin' I git ex chance ter roll him in ther grit."

They laid their plans to come down upon the level of the valley as soon as darkness should conceal their movements, and while Champ should essay to remove the girl, Vitee was to draw up the men to defend his retreat. Midnight was to be the hour of advance.

Without doubt some of the party on their stealthy march under the clear-washed glistening stars, with the sky blown free of every wandering, cloudy vestige of the previous night's storm, thought that perhaps from among those savage lodges was to leap the missile that would free their spirits from the cumbrous flesh and give them the test of *what is to be*. At least such solemn reflections stirred the bosom of one of the silent group, moving obedient to the command of the leading forces of the enterprise. Lenny Felix raised his eyes heavenward, unseen by his rough companions, and solemnly speculated as to whether the morning light would find a remnant saved, or would the end have come to the devoted little company. Suddenly he clasped his hands together and a feeling of exalted ecstasy swelled his bosom. What was there in the world besides those around him to live for? whom else to die for? He softly changed his position and brought himself closer to Vitee; and the phlegmatic, invincible scout, obedient to the law not yet understood, felt the emotion that drew the brown-eyed fellow closer to him, and silently put out his hand to grasp the other's waiting fingers.

Oh, what deep emotion the clasp of the human hand is capable of expressing. How much more, and how much plainer than words could convey.

There was a strange, deep thrilling expression of love—changeless, undying, stretching to that mysterious distance beyond time and earth, conveyed from heart to heart of those silent companions moving forward on the dangerous expedition.

Halting a distance from the savage village, Champ gave his final instructions.

"Ef I should be so fortunit ez to git her away without any alarm, I shall put her in one ov ther canoes and drop down the stream apiece; ye ken foller, Vitee, with ther hosses an' boys till I challenge—all this *ef* thar's no alarm. Howsomever, ez much ez sich a state ov things ez ter be prayed fur, 'tain't likely it'll cum to parse; instead, Vitee—at a ventur'—we'll change thar complexions. Ef things go catecornered, ther Kian man band will let yer know. Good-bye, fur a time, or forever, Vitee; but ennyhow, be keerful, be keerful."

The tossing fox-tail drifted out of sight. The group of men closed up as near the village as was prudent. Lenny Felix and Bob, his young brother, had been detailed to care for the horses, and were already mounted for action—

"For," says Vitee, "if Champ gets started with her, and the Indians pursue, our only hope will be—if they get directly on his track—to have you, Len and Rob, dash away with the animals as a decoy, and as they come up with us we must get a well-directed first volley, for they outnumber us two to one."

This was as he and Champ had planned. If he got the girl away unmolested, an event not supposable, he would drop down the stream, as arranged otherwise.

"You have caught the idea, have you?" whispered the scout, "every one of you—for a moment's disunion in action might cost us our lives."

They all answered in the affirmative, and then they *must wait*.

There is something most awful in the palsied expectation of a calamitous event, the most powerful action is pleasure in comparison; and so with bating breath and dashing pulses, the band of men mutely awaited the coming affray.

An hour passed! what a long, tedious period. A half more could it be that Champ had accomplished his purpose with signal success? The second hour must be gone, and the silence was undisturbed by other sounds than the twittering echoes peculiar to the time and place. A feeling of jubilation was gradually stealing along the nerves of the silent group. They were just thinking about cautiously moving down the valley, when more startling than if wholly unexpected, a wild, prolonged and savage yell hurtled through the silent night.

Every man took a position for instant action.

Another and another vengeful whoop, bearing straight down toward them.

"Felix," called Vitee, in his calm, quick way, "be ready to run off the horses when I call out. Fall in line here, boys, on your knees; they are sweeping directly this way."

At that moment Champ, with a peculiar jerky whistle, bounded wildly into their midst, holding by the hand the flying figure of a woman.

One of the men answered his signal from the grass almost under his feet, and the scout, swinging around, had time to whisper, "Run on, run on, Maria, a little, and then fall among the stubble:" while Vitee gave the command—

"Felix, make a dash with the horses."

The trampling of the steeds led the murderous savages forward within musket range of the ambushed white men, and gave the latter the advantage of the first volley amidst the fearful odds arrayed against them.

The tufted chief had an impression that but a handful of the hated pale-faces was present to combat with, and uttering a demoniac, guttural yell, he rushed into close quarters.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 5.)

"THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH."

BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

AUTHOR OF THE ORANGE PRIZE SONG.

As I sit all alone in the gloaming,
Looking back through the vista of years,
My heart is subdued and made tender,
Mine eyes overflowing with tears.
For I see in the distance a vision—
A picture I never can forget;
A waymark, a shrine, and a temple,
The little brown church where we met.

The sunshine came in at the window,
And fell on the rush-covered floor;
It gilded the desk of the speaker,
And flitted our faces before.
Oh, beautiful goldenest glory!
What suns have arisen and set
Since thou brightenest and burnishest to beauty,
The little brown church where we met!

I list to the notes of the organ,
The singers' clear voices ring out,
The eloquent words of the preacher
Dispel my delusion and doubt.
Oh, sweet inspiration of promise,
That blesses and comforts as yet;
There was manna and dew out of Heaven,
In the little brown church where we met.

But pastor and people are scattered,
The shepherd is far from his flock,
Whose comings and goings established,
Are built on immovable rock.
Yet many a heart will remember
With yearning and tender regret,
The fold where we worshipped together,
The little brown church where we met.

THE MYSTERY OF TRENDLEDEEP MANOR.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER LII.

THE DARK POOL OF TRENDLEDEEP.

When Captain Walter Arundell left the master of Trendledeep alone by the pond surrounded by the dark firs, he was in a state of exaltation of mind and excitement difficult to be described. While the captain was in the park, he remained motionless, erect as a post, listening with keen and startled ear. Then the gate closed, and he was alone—alone with the fiend which ever dogged his footsteps, which walked beside him in the day, which kept him company on his couch at night.

He had never married, often as he had been carried away by tempestuous passion, because he feared a wife would be sure to discover the phantom secret of his life.

"Oh! oh! oh! my friend," apostrophizing the imaginary being that stood by his side, "so we deceive the clever ones—they bow down to us and worship us—and we are masters of all we survey—oh! oh! oh! They bound me with chains, they locked me up in a mad-house, they put the good and clever one in my place, and I am master now, and the heiress is in my hands, and one who is strong and brave is going to become my son."

And he laughed madly—wildly.

"He! he! he! The man Regan tried to govern me—where is he now? The heiress of Trendledeep scorned me—where is she now? My brother put me in prison—where is he now?"

"HERE!"

The maniac turned with a scared and ghastly face to where a man, wrapped in a cloak, and wearing a slouched hat, stood close beside him.

For about a minute neither spoke. This minute sufficed to restore the maniac's self-possession.

"Who is it that trespasses on my grounds at night?" he said, doggedly.

"Albert Treherne, thief, assassin, and forger, look me in the face and deny that I am your elder brother, from whom you have stolen my birthright!"

"The world is very unjust, then," said the other, with a cold sneer, "for it recognizes my rights without a murmur. But I scorn to altercate with a madman, the worst symptom of whose malady is a belief in the injustice of fortune. Go, lest I call my menials, and have you taken back to Gibberamoor."

"Villain, you may brave it now, but your hour is nearly come. Before many days you will be expelled from this place with ignominy."

The other laughed aloud.

"Albert," suddenly said the one known to us as Mr. Meriton, in a gentle tone.

"Hubert."

The other took no notice of this tacit confession of his identity by the impostor.

"After all we are brothers—and it was in the hope of a friendly settlement that I have come here to meet you. It is far from my wish to be the instrument of your punishment. I prefer leaving your fate to an offended Heaven, who, in denying you your full intelligence, may find it right to pardon you your sins."

"You are very kind—what may my sins be?"

"In the first place, you, by devilish arts, took advantage of my illness, placed yourself in my position, and had me taken to a mad-house—from which, however, by feigning madness, I escaped in six months."

"Ah!"

"Enfeebled by illness and confinement, and finding that you were universally regarded as Hubert Mordaunt, I resolved to leave you to the enjoyment of your ill-gotten wealth, provided you sullied your career by no great crime. You evaded my observation by travelling abroad. But one sin, the worst of all, became known to me. And that was the murder of your confederate and steward—Regan, the lawyer."

The master of Trendledeep stepped back with a wild and ferocious look.

"Liar and fool! and you dare say this to me?" he hissed through his clenched teeth.

"Be calm. Even this I am willing to bury in oblivion on certain conditions," said the other, gravely.

"Name them!"

"That you retire without any difficulty from the mastership of this house."

"Sir!"

"That you not only give up every claim to be what you are not, but in writing confess your imposture."

"Well, sir?"

"You will then, as long as you reside in a foreign land, receive an annual payment of one thousand pounds," added Meriton.

"Ah—ah—ah—while you luxuriate in a fortune of not less than twenty thousand a year. Never!"

"Do you know the alternative?"

"Speak."

"You will have to stand your trial for the murder of Regan—for personation and forgery. A true bill will be found against you this very next season," was the slow and stern reply.

"What time do you give me for reflection?" asked the master of Trendledeep, eagerly.

"None—you must decide at once."

"You have my answer," shrieked the maniac, darting forward, and striking the other a blow on the chest, that sent him whirling into the pond.

A heavy splash at some distance from the bank proclaimed the violence of the sudden concussion and the apparent efficacy of the blow.

With a howl of furious rejoicing, the second Cain fled in the direction of the house, to shut himself in a room, where he endured the tortures of the damned until such time as inebriation released him temporarily from the agonies of fear and remorse.

Once or twice during that horrible night the thought came over him of suicide—of death that would end the house of Mordaunt in the direct male line—for he doubted not that his brother had met his death in the dark pool of Trendledeep.

Fear, abject fear—the dread of that Just and Avenging Being with whom his brother had threatened him—restrained his guilty hand, and he lived.

Meanwhile, not five minutes elapsed ere the victim of this atrocious outrage, who had fallen into the pond where the water was extremely shallow, rose, dripping and muddy, from the dark and slimy pool.

The expression of his countenance sufficiently indicated that all sentiments of mercy had abandoned his heart for the time.

"Coward!—assassin!—wretch!" he cried aloud, frantically, to the whispering wind; "from this very moment but one thought shall fill my mind, but one idea occupy my thoughts—vengeance on this unnatural man, no more my brother!"

With as much rapidity as possible, he moved away from the scene of the attempted crime, gained the road, and fearing, naturally enough, that his immersion on that cold and bitter night might cost him his life, ran as long as his strength would carry him.

The fever of his blood, added to the fearful commotion of his mind, began almost at once to act upon his brain, and he was very near the borders of delirium when Captain Walter Arundell fortunately overtook him, in all probability saving his life.

Had he fallen on the road, he surely must have perished before any one had come to his assistance—if, indeed, considering his eccentric habits, he had been missed at all.

No sooner was he in bed than, thanks to a very strong mixture of brandy and water which was given to him, he slept soundly.

When he awoke he was in a burning fever, and utterly unable to give the faintest clue to the cause of his very serious illness.

Captain Walter Arundell did not wake himself until past twelve, having been utterly exhausted by the events of the night. Grossbeak, who, despite his vigils, had been up tolerably early, and had smoked several pipes, had waited breakfast for the young officer.

Arundell came down with many apologies for the lateness of the hour, and made inquiries after Mr. Meriton.

"He is ill—dangerously ill—Captain Arundell," said the lawyer. "I have sent for a doctor, and I should be glad if you would wait his arrival."

"I have no particular claim on my time," the other replied, "for to-day, and am quite at your disposal. I had intended calling on Mr. Mordaunt."

"Do not let me in any way interfere with so praiseworthy an object," said the confidant of Mr. Meriton; "but, as you wish to prevent a great crime, not one word of the events of last night."

"Not a word!"

And so it was that, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the captain rode over to Trendledeep Manor, and, leaving his horse at the door, was ushered into the drawing-room.

It was unusually occupied. By the fire was the *vis-à-vis* Hubert Treherne Mordaunt, in conversation with Sir Vincent Mordaunt and Lady Blanche, while close to the great bow-window overlooking the park was Lucilla, in earnest and rapt conversation with Cecil.

The soldier shivered all over. There was something in the eager manner of the young girl, in the deep earnestness of the youth, which seriously alarmed him. Never had he seen a pair of more thoroughly affectionate lovers.

The thought went like a pang to his heart, and it was with quite an abstracted mien that he addressed Mr. Mordaunt, and shook hands with Sir Vincent.

"Glad to hear you are staying down here. We have come to Swallowheath Manor rather early, and Cecil hasn't a single acquaintance. Of course, you will call and see us?" observed the baronet, in a very eager tone.

"I will call with pleasure," said the captain, so overwhelmed with confusion as scarcely to know what he was doing or saying.

The baronet now continued the conversation which he had commenced with Mr. Mordaunt, which was chiefly on local matters. While this was going on, we will explain how this unexpected arrival had taken place.

CHAPTER LIII.

CAPTAIN WALTER ARUNDELL LEARNS HIS SECRET.

Sir Vincent Mordaunt, when he returned to town, after receiving from Newcome Twist the grave warnings he had, knew scarcely what to do. He could only form a bare idea of the danger in which he was placed.

It was surprising, considering the antecedents of the man, how he was wedded to his wife and son, and to the social position of the latter. There was scarcely any sacrifice he was not prepared to make to insure Cecil his inheritance. He determined, therefore, to know the worst.

From whom could the blow have come?—from whom could the warning have proceeded? He knew perfectly well that Balthazar, otherwise John Haldane, was in existence, and, from private motives of his own, knowing his address, determined to face him, and unravel the mystery. Two or three weeks was he making up his mind, and at last he wrote his old enemy a note—

"Sir Vincent Mordaunt presents his compliments to Mr. John Haldane, and would be happy to see him, if he would do him the favor to call any day when he can make it convenient."

Next day the reply came—

"Mr. John Haldane cannot conceive how Sir Vincent Mordaunt can wish for an interview with one who has so many reasons to view him with dislike and hatred, but, as a matter of courtesy, Mr. Haldane will call on Saturday at twelve."

Now it is perfectly true that no man ever does anything without a motive, and John Haldane was peculiarly interested in replying to this letter. For a long time the pet project of his life had been, as we know, to marry his daughter to Walter Arundell, and this plot of his was likely to be defeated by the soldier's attachment to the daughter and heiress of the house of Treherne-Mordaunt.

To a certain extent, Balthazar, otherwise John Haldane, was in the secrets of the said house. Now he had heard from his daughter sufficient to make him aware that Maud, or Lucilla, or whatever her name was, had, to a certain extent, engaged Walter Arundell's affections.

If he could bring about a marriage between Cecil and Maud, he would; perhaps, insure his daughter's happiness and safety.

John Haldane was keen-eyed and shrewd, and knew to the full the extent of his daughter's devotion to Walter Arundell; he discovered it in a hundred ways, and though he was careful never to reveal the extent of the discovery he had made, he watched her with an anxious and suffering eye.

Eleanor was not a young girl of sixteen or seventeen to die of a broken heart. She was one of those who resign themselves to the inevitable, and, no matter how great their sorrow, let it prey upon them inwardly. Still she could conceal nothing from her father. There are signs and tokens which are not to be concealed from the eye of affection.

But what was he to do? Captain Walter Arundell, despite his affection and gratitude, was perfectly free to choose for himself and to act on his own responsibility. Nothing he could do or say would influence him. Any effort of his to bring back the sheep to the fold, would in all probability have had the direct contrary effect. He was almost helpless. It was in this state of mind that he received the letter from Sir Vincent Mordaunt.

Now the baronet must have pressing reasons indeed to send for him in this sudden and unexpected manner. Probably he was in some difficulty from which alone Haldane could extricate him.

It was this consideration, and the thought that he might by this means insure his daughter's happiness, which made John Haldane give a tolerably civil answer to the request of Sir Vincent Mordaunt.

He was exact to his rendezvous. The baronet awaited him in his library; he was very pale and haggard, as he rose to greet the other.

"John Haldane," he said, gravely, "you see before you a man who has nearly run his earthly career, and upon whom a great misfortune—a blight, as it were—is about to fall. Can we speak as friends?"

"If not as friends, at all events not as enemies," said the other, holding out his hand.

The other eagerly clutched it.

"Sit down, that I may unburden myself of my sorrow in peace," he said.

John Haldane obeyed.

"I have been threatened with my son Cecil being deprived of his inheritance and cast upon the world—as—as illegitimate."

"Which he unquestionably is."

"Good Heaven—then my sin has found me."

"It has. Your first wife, your son and heir, were both alive when you married Lady Blanche."

"And now," gasped the terrified baronet, whose devotion to Cecil was his great redeeming quality, "where are they?"

"Your wife, dead these many years, lies in an obscure grave—your son lives!"

"Where is he?"

"That need not trouble you. He knows nothing as yet—let it suffice that he lives. But, before we go any further, who told you the secret which I intended to remain one until certain contingencies are fulfilled?" asked Haldane.

"Newcome Twist."

"The knave!" cried John Haldane, with a bitter laugh. "The fellow never forgave your refusal of his daughter—he who had schemed, plotted, and lent money solely that his child should be Lady Mordaunt. Well, he has no proof. The papers are in my hands now, and he can prove nothing."

"Thank Heaven!"

"But why have you sent for me?"

"John Haldane, I will speak to you as to my father confessor. I want time. Lady Blanche and I are prepared to acknowledge the rightful heir; but we want time—time, I say!"

"For what?"

"To marry Cecil well. The boy will suffer a great and bitter disappointment—and he is a good boy, John Haldane."

"I believe he is."

"He will have his mother's money and—you will smile, John Haldane—my savings," said the baronet, with an effort at a laugh.

"Spendthrift youths often turn saving men," replied the other, rather coldly.

"Well, well! The qestion is, can this be done?"

"Yes."

"You take a load from my heart," was the earnest reply.

"Has the boy made any choice?"

"We have selected for him Kate Mowbray, the wealthy daughter of Lord Lovell."

"Impossible—there is no time; besides, your son has already chosen for himself."

"An opera-singer's daughter!"

"Lucy Maud, daughter of Hubert Treherne Mordaunt and Lucy his wife," was the grave reply.

The other bounded to his feet.

"Sole heiress of Trendledeep Manor and twenty-four thousand a year."

"And she will have him?"

"Yes."

"But her parents?"

"They must be told the truth."

"Why?"

"Because both have vowed that never shall she wed the heir of Sir Vincent Mordaunt," was the grave and earnest reply.

"John Haldane, I am in your hands—do everything for the best. Command—I will obey."

"You will follow my directions implicitly without asking questions?" continued Eleanor's father.

"I will."

"Then shut up your house, go down to Swallowheath Manor. Take Cecil and Lady Blanche with you."

"To-morrow!"

"As soon as you arrive, drive over one morning, and take no denial. See Hubert Mordaunt, but ask no questions about his wife, become intimate with him, see him every day, let the young people be as much together as possible, and, as soon as appears wise, strike the great blow, and ask for the girl's hand. I promise you he will not refuse."

"You are my guardian angel!"

"Another warning! Cecil will find a rival, but not a favored one. Be civil to him—appear to notice nothing—leave him to me."

"May I ask his name?"

"Yes—Hubert Vincent Mordaunt, your elder son, known to you as Walter Arundell," was the slow and measured reply of the ex-recluse.

"Good heavens! How my heart warmed to him the first time I saw him!" cried the baronet, with a flushed countenance.

"Ah! the heart spoke then."

"Yes; a mysterious sensation came over me which I could not understand. At first it was repulsion—dread—but scarcely had he spoken when something in his manner, tone, appearance, roused in me a strange feeling which can only be explained by instinct."

"He is your legitimate son and heir, and, as such, will never be accepted by Hubert Treherne Mordaunt. But you must leave everything to time. Recollect that Walter Arundell knows nothing—nothing whatever—and may never know anything. At all events, I must beg that the information may be left to me."

"Certainly."

"Newcome Twist has been throwing out hints already; but he has given him not the slightest—not the faintest clue. I will stop his mouth," mused John, as if speaking to himself.

"To see him every day will be a trial."

"You are a man of the world, Sir Vincent," continued the other, "and can easily win the confidence and friendship of Walter Arundell without betraying yourself. He may hold all our fates in his hand one day. And now I think we have little more to say. As soon as you start, I will write you full and ample directions."

"Agreed!"

"By the way, Sir Vincent, you do not ask me my reasons for acting with you."

"I trust to your honor."

"My reasons are selfish."

"Never mind."

"I have selected a bride for your eldest son—the richest heiress in England, my only daughter and your niece."

"Let my consent be our bond of reconciliation," cried Sir Vincent, heartily; "and now we must break bread together."

Before the other could collect his thoughts, the baronet had rung the bell sharply twice.

The butler had been warned, for he and a domestic entered at once with luncheon.

The two old antagonists were in a few minutes alone again; but the chain of memory had been broken, and was not renewed. They spoke of indifferent things—of society, of the changes which time had brought about, of their own fortunes, but not of the subject which had brought them together.

After about an hour, during which John Haldane partook of an abstemious meal, he rose to take his leave.

He repeated his warnings and instructions, and the two men shook hands and parted.

Scarcely had John Haldane taken his departure, when Lady Blanche and Cecil entered. The young man was pale and sombre—sleepless nights, and intense anxiety at the mystery which separated him from Lucy—had acted on his young and febrile constitution with singular effect.

"Vincent," said the anxious mother, "I must insist upon your exerting your authority as a father. Doctor Maitland says that Cecil must go out of town—he is ill, moping, wasting away for want of a change."

"He is going out of town—with us, my dear—to Swallowheath Manor to-night."

"But, father, I cannot leave town," stammered the young officer.

"We must. You can remain if you please," replied the father, smiling; "but I fancy you would rather be near at hand, while Captain Walter Arundell is basking in the smiles of a certain young lady."

"Sir!" cried the young man, blushing scarlet, "I don't understand."

"My meaning is, that I leave town to-night to be near Mr. Hubert Mordaunt, formerly Treherne, whose daughter you appear to have been paying some attention to, as the child of an Italian singer."

"Maud is then—"

"The daughter and sole heiress of Hubert Treherne Mordaunt of Trendledeep Manor—is moreover your cousin—I hope ere many months your wife."

"Surely you are joking?" cried the surprised mother.

"I am not—never was more serious in my life," replied the baronet, "and so be ready both by the express train. I am going out to telegraph to Swallowheath. We shall sleep at R—— to-night, and reach home about twelve o'clock."

"You said, sir, that Captain Walter Arundell was paying his addresses to the young lady?" faltered Cecil.

"Well, he is down there on a visit, shooting, I believe; and as I am told the young lady is peculiarly fascinating, it appeared to me that it might be dangerous to leave so bold a soldier alone."

"The traitor!" muttered Cecil.

"My son," said the baronet, who had caught the half-uttered word, "recollect

that Walter Arundell is a gentleman, and a man of honor, one whom I esteem highly; and that between you and him there can be nothing save honorable rivalry. If he loves the same woman as yourself, swear to me that you will act openly and aboveboard, or I will withdraw my consent to your suit."

"I give you my solemn promise. Captain Arundell is, however, well aware of my affection for Miss Mordaunt—as I find she is after all—and having discovered her retreat—"

"A letter for Mr. Cecil," said a domestic, entering.

"From the captain," cried the young man, flushing red, and then turning deadly pale.

He opened it eagerly, cast his eyes over it, and read aloud:

"My Dear Cecil—I have discovered the secret hiding-place of the incomparable jewel discovered by you at Teddington. Nothing but a sense of the sacredness of my word would cause me to divulge it, as in the ardor of the chase I have forgotten you, and am now the humble adorer of Miss Lucy Maud Mordaunt, known to you as the Signorita della Rocca and Maud Meriton. On my word as a gentleman—not having taken any very great notice of your Diana of Teddington—my heart was chiefly lost before I knew their identity. You now know as much as I do. Know, also, that we are rivals, but amicable and honorable rivals, between whom the lady shall decide. I have gained both father and mother, and hope that my manly whiskers may outweigh your handsome face and ingenuous smile. Come, and let us meet friends, if we part enemies. Your brother in arms,

"Walter Arundell."

"A very jesuitical document," observed Lady Blanche, who was very indignant at the rivalry of this man—she who looked upon her son as unequalled in everything.

"A very frank and noble document," put in the baronet. "I know the man better than you do, Lady Blanche: but we must lose no time."

And he left the room.

"My father is right," said Cecil, gravely. "Walter Arundell may be my rival, never my enemy. But come, mother, we have no time to lose. I have no fear of the result, for have I not Maud's solemn promise?"

"I will give my orders," she replied, "and then while we have luncheon, you shall tell me the tangled story of your loves."

Cecil laughed, and a very few minutes later was relating the story of the meeting with Maud, and her many adventures, with all the ardor of a youthful lover. The mother listened with a bright smile, for in the happiness of others—our children—we live again. She had long since sunk all memory of any other affection than that she felt for her husband and son. She was a wife and mother, and wished to be thought nothing else.

"You love her very much," she said, when the young man had finished.

"As my life! Not to win her would kill me. I have set my whole soul upon the thought of winning her."

"I suppose it is the way of the world," said Lady Blanche. "We bring up our sons tenderly and gently that they may love others, and forget us."

"Never shall I forget you, mother—never! But this is quite another love."

"I know it, my dear. It is the master passion of existence, before which everything falls and fades away, while it lasts. But fear not, my boy; nothing will give me greater pleasure than to welcome a daughter-in-law—the pet and darling of my only son. So now, my boy, leave me, make your adieus, and be home to an early dinner. The express train leaves at eight. Do nothing to delay us."

"I will not," said Cecil, with a gay smile, as he went out, after cordially embracing his mother; and, to pass the time, which hung heavy on his hands, went to a billiard-room, which he left five pounds the poorer in pocket.

At eight that evening the three, with their luggage and servants, were on the road, and at midnight reached the halfway house at R——, where, thanks to the provision of the baronet, a first-rate supper was provided, after which the mother retired to rest, leaving the father and son to a long and earnest conversation.

Never, perhaps, had the parent and child been so thoroughly confidential as upon this occasion, and, perhaps, never had Cecil been more thoroughly imbued with respect and affection for his father.

"My boy, when I thought that you had fixed your affection on the daughter of a mere singer—the child of a strange, mysterious man—my sole objection to your union with her was a good one. We have seldom made a *mésalliance*. These marriages above or beneath us never lead to any good. Therefore I acted for your good and happiness."

"I know that, my father; but the views of the young and their elders seldom agree."

"Seldom; but we learn wisdom with age. At all events, we are now agreed, and no wish can be nearer my heart than to see you the husband of Lucy, heiress of Trendledeep Manor."

"Did you know her mother?"

"I did, and we were not the best of friends. She was a very clever woman—a splendid singer, but a very haughty personage. Besides, she deprived me of a magnificent inheritance—that which now I believe will be yours."

"Strange how things come about," mused Cecil. "Who would have thought that I should have met, under such strange circumstances, with one who is so strangely allied to me?"

"Very strange. How do you like Captain Arundell?"

"As an elder brother. I only regret that we are in antagonism," said Cecil, in a sad tone.

"Treat him as an elder brother, and he will treat you as a younger. He is, I am persuaded, a noble fellow; you have nothing to fear, if Lucy really loves you."

"He is so handsome—"

"You don't expect a father to flatter a great fellow like you?" laughed the baronet, rising. "And now to bed, for we must be up early."

And they retired, started by the train the next day, and reached Swallowbeath Manor at midday, to the great delight of the tenantry and servants.

Several of their town domestics had preceded them by a train that went right through, so that they found everything prepared for them.

They rested that day, spending it in repose and in seeing to the different matters required to make the house comfortable.

Next morning they went over to Trendledeep Manor in the carriage, Cecil riding on horseback. Their arrival rather astonished Sir. Hubert Treherne Mordaunt, but, as both he and Lucy had been caught in the very undignified act of looking out of the large bay-window, he could not deny himself.

Thus it was that Captain Walter Arundell found his rival, and, unknown to himself, his father, in company with Lucy and Hubert Treherne Mordaunt.

We must now return to John Haldane, whose plans were almost utterly confounded by a letter which he received the very morning after the departure of Sir Vincent Mordaunt. It was from Captain Walter Arundell.

"My Dear Friend and Benefactor—I have not time to enter into very lengthy details as to my present plans and prospects. I have already informed you of my whereabouts. I have now a very serious duty to perform. I have chosen a partner for life—one whom I not only love with all the ardor of the passionate soul which you know is mine, but whom I respect and esteem with all my heart. Her name is Lucy Maud Mordaunt. I have been accepted by her mother without any conditions, by her father on consideration of my raising the veil of mystery which envelopes my birth. You alone can do this, and I call upon you, as a man of honor and a gentleman, no longer to keep me in the dark, but to enable me to prove my identity. I refuse to have any underhand communication with Newcome Twist. I refer boldly to you. Answer me by return of post, and let me know the best and the worst—yours faithfully,

"Walter Arundell."

"Not one word for her—not a thought—not a remembrance!" sighed the heart-stricken father.

He sat down and wrote, with a sad, weary look, this brief answer—

"Private and confidential.

"My Dear Arundell—You are resolved to break my heart. I solemnly implore you to make no use of the information I am about to give you until you see me—I will come down. You are the eldest son and heir of Sir Vincent Mordaunt, and your name is Hubert Vincent Mordaunt. Select a day or two. If you are to rob your brother of his birthright, of his name and property, leave him, at least, the woman that he loves. I trust to you as a man of honor and a gentleman—yours faithfully, John Haldane.

"P. S. I have no pretence to influence your conduct, but I do beg that you will make no use of the information I have given you until I place in your hands the papers and documents which will prove the truth of my assertion. As I live by bread, the slightest indiscretion will cause me to refuse all further information, and to destroy every clue, however faint.

"J. H."

The effects of this communication will presently be seen.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 47.)

SUMMER TIME.

The red blush sat upon the rose;
The blackcap from the sloe
Sang sweet and clear; and in the sea
The green corn nodded low.

Babbled the brooklet through the reeds;
The lily-cups gleamed white;
The young leaves of the poplar-trees
Were flushed with golden light.

The rifts of hay were on the meads—
Their perfume filled the air;
Far off was Winter with his gloom,
For young was yet the year.

The poppies flaunted in the wheat
Their ruby-tinted flowers;
The blue convolvulus adorned
The hedge with hanging bowers.

The brown bee o'er the clover hummed
And the white butterfly
Rested upon the cabbage-rose,
Nor feared a clouded sky.

O Summer fair! O Summer sweet!
O Summer of the heart!
Like every other earthly joy,
Your glories must depart.

And russet Autumn follow swift
With Winter in his train,
And sweet Spring blush again in bloom,
Ere thou shalt come again.

Well, be it so! All four, we know,
Have pleasures of their own;
The task be ours to cull the flowers,
And let the thorns alone!

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

THE NEW ARIADNE.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Miss Arethusa Lane's room was bright enough already with its hanging-baskets, golden canaries, and the sun shining through its rose-colored curtains—but as Mabel Lane made a sudden entrance, pirouetting as she came amid a flutter of ruffles and ribbons, everything in the room seemed to increase in light and color. Mabel was a petite, graceful little person, with a quantity of flossy golden hair, saucy blue eyes, a pink and white complexion, and a nose unmistakably *retroussé*.

"Remember my nerves, if you please," said Miss Arethusa, lofty, drawing her aquiline nose from between the leaves of a novel she was holding close to her eyes.

By way of answering, Mabel performed another pas seul, and then dropped into the nearest chair.

"Oh, Aunt Arethusa!" she began.

"How many times have I implored you not to call me Aunt Arethusa? It jars on my nerves, and I always feel obliged to explain that I was born long after your father was married."

"Which accounts for your being older than papa, by three years," observed Mabel, sweetly.

"Mabel!" Miss Lane's "nerves" (less refined people might have said temper,) impelled her to stamp on the floor.

"Why, what's the matter?" demanded the offender, with an air of the most engaging innocence. "But I've such news! *He* has come. I saw his name on the list of arrivals."

"Do speak intelligibly, my dear," said Miss Lane, faintly interested. "Who is *he*?"

"Carl Raymond, of course. Do you imagine that I *could* be interested in the coming of any other he?" asked Mabel, disdainfully.

Miss Lane's face became a picture of displeased surprise, for the one person whom she ardently wished to avoid meeting was Carl Raymond. In fact, his presence in the city had induced her to leave it for quiet, isolated Seaview. She justly suspected that he was in love with her niece, and here he was arriving at the same hotel in which she had just comfortably established herself for the season. It was too bad! Her nerves were terribly shocked.

"I know he would come," continued Mabel, "I have a secret to tell you, Aunt Arethusa. Carl and I are *almost* engaged."

Miss Lane stretched herself out in preparation for hysterics.

"Don't faint, aunt—don't faint!" cried Mabel. "You have your blue silk on, and if I pour water on that, it's spoiled forever!"

"Cruel—cruel!" murmured Miss Lane, straightening herself up again.

"Well, you remember that last picnic at Centrewood? When Carl and I were lost, you know, and you were so angry?"

"I am never angry," said Miss Lane, clenching her fist. "My nerves were disturbed, I admit; but go on."

"Carl asked me to be his wife, and I said I wasn't certain whether I liked him well enough, but that if he'd come to Seaview, I'd give him my answer—and I'll certainly say yes, if he asks me again."

This was very candid, and also very provoking.

"Perhaps he may not ask you, my dear. You had better not give your consent prematurely."

Mabel was utterly oblivious of this hit, her attention being fixed on some object seen through the window.

"There he is, standing on the plank-walk, and looking toward the sea!" exclaimed Mabel. "I must go and dress." And she left the room, humming, "Roberto, o tu che adoro," and thinking that Carl was a much more appropriate name than Roberto.

Left alone, Miss Arethusa Lane went to the window to satisfy herself that the man was really Carl Raymond. Yes, it was he. There was no mistake. A tall, lithe, broad-shouldered young fellow, with a bronzed face, honest hazel eyes, and a well-shaped head, covered with closely cropped hair, stood on the walk with his profile turned toward Miss Lane.

While she contemplated him and he contemplated the sea, Miss Lane reflected. Two years ago Mabel's father had died, leaving her, his only child, a large fortune. To his sister Arethusa, he left a legacy and the guardianship of his daughter. Since that time Miss Lane had been constantly on the watch to prevent Mabel from marrying. She enjoyed her present luxurious style of living at her niece's expense, and she was determined to enjoy it as long as possible. Should Mabel marry, her occupation would be gone. She would be obliged to retire to some cheap town, and subsist in genteel poverty on her brother's small legacy. Carl Raymond would probably call in a short time, and if he met her niece, she knew that a blow would be dealt at her future prospects. She resolved to prevent this by a stratagem worthy of her narrow and selfish mind. Throwing a lace shawl over her head and shoulders, and shielding her face from the sun with her large fan—she affected the Spanish style, by the way—she descended to the walk.

"Mr. Raymond! Why, this is really unexpected! How glad I am to see you!"

Carl turned, and took the extended hand, but his smile faded into a look of disappointment as he noticed that Miss Lane was alone. The latter always assumed great girlishness of manner when any gentleman was near, and she accordingly "gushed" with juvenile sprightliness about the state of the weather, the quietness of Seaview, and mutual acquaintances, while she knew that Carl was burning with eagerness to hear of Mabel Lane. But Miss Lane was too adroit to approach her piece de resistance in a hasty, unskilful manner.

"And Miss Mabel is well?" he at last said, desperately, while Miss Lane paused to take breath.

"In excellent health. She enjoys everything so intensely. She is quite a belle. Half the men in the place have been smitten by her charms, I assure you." The sprightly creature giggled, and tapped his shoulder with her fan.

He looked annoyed, but endeavored to conceal it. "And the rest have fallen at your feet, I presume."

The compliment did not soften her, although she laughed coquettishly in acknowledgment of the soft impeachment. "But I have something really new to tell you. Of course, you haven't heard that Mabel is to be married very soon."

"No!" He faced her in startled surprise. She laughed maliciously.

"Oh, yes. It is not generally known, I being their only confidant, and I hope you won't speak of it. He is a Mr. Van Dyke a wealthy New York banker. It is all very sudden. He fell in love with her at first sight, and proposed, and she accepted him. A delightful person he is—in New York at present."

There had been a Mr. Van Dyke at the hotel—a very old invalid; he had been gone several weeks. Miss Lane had seized on his name, because Carl would find it on the hotel book, if he felt inclined to look.

Carl turned his face toward the sea; but Miss Lane noticed that the hand which held his cane trembled slightly.

"Dear me! it's getting late. I must go. Of course, you'll call and congratulate my niece."

She knew what his answer would be.

"Thank you. Tell her she has my best wishes."

"Very well—*au revoir*." And the artless maiden tripped up to the hotel. She was playing a dangerous game, and she knew it. She must see her niece immediately, or failure was almost certain.

"So much for woman's truth," muttered Carl. "I could have sworn that Mabel Lane was as true and pure as an angel. I thought she loved me—she almost said so—as I loved her, but now—" The bright, frank expression of his face had turned to one of bitter anger. The frail walking-stick broke in his tight clasp, and he threw it far into the sea. "I wish I could as easily cast from me all thought of her!" was his aspiration; but that was harder than even he imagined.

Miss Lane found her niece dressed for dinner—a pretty picture of girlish beauty and animation.

"I saw you talking to Carl," she said. "I intended to run down and join you in a minute. Why didn't you wait?"

Miss Lane shuddered at the idea.

"Mabel," she said, "men are deceitful. Alas, my dear, I fear that you have been deceived by that man. He has merely amused himself by flirting with you."

"What do you mean, aunt? To whom do you allude?" Mabel turned, in the act of arranging a refractory curl, her color beginning to vary.

"To Carl Raymond," pursued Miss Lane, in a tone that expressed sorrow rather than anger—sorrow of the saddest kind. "I allude to Carl Raymond. He has trifled with you. A few moments ago he had the shameless effrontery to inform me that he is engaged to another."

"You misunderstood him, aunt. There is some mistake. We will go to him, and hear the explanation from his own lips."

"Mabel! you shall not!" cried Miss Lane, in alarm, as her niece moved toward the door. "You must not compromise your dignity by any such course. Bear it bravely, as a woman should. Show him by your calm silence that you despise him, and by your proud indifference that he is nothing to you."

"I will!" said Mabel, retracing her steps. "But no! I cannot—I will not believe this! Why should he come here to let me know it? There must be some mistake."

"Unfortunately there is not. He mentioned the lady's name—Mrs. Vernon, a beautiful, young widow. They are to be married soon."

"Mrs. Vernon—I have heard of her."

So had Miss Lane, but not from Carl Raymond.

"I cannot understand it," moaned Mabel, pacing up and down the room. "I believed him so noble and generous. He *cannot* be so false."

"Watch his conduct, and draw your own conclusions. I will say no more. Only, Mabel, remember your dignity as a woman."

If Miss Lane's heart had not been wholly hardened by selfishness, it might have been touched by the agony on her niece's face. The laughing, careless girl was gone; there remained only the pale, sad woman. The heavy folds of the azure dress—she had worn the color because he liked it—with its load of rich lace swept around her, and seemed by way of contrast to enhance her wretchedness.

"Give me your arm, aunt. I will go down to dinner, and face him."

"That's right," said the aunt, disguising her triumph. "You have the true Lane pride."

Carl Raymond saw them at dinner. He bowed coldly, and Mabel made as cold an acknowledgment. There was a faint hope in both their hearts that something impossible might occur to break down the terrible barrier that had suddenly arisen between them; but this hope soon faded. After dinner Mabel and her aunt went out upon the piazza to see the sun into the ocean, and they were soon joined by several of Mabel's admirers. Carl stood against a pillar at the end of the long piazza, watching the group with bitter feelings struggling in his heart.

Aware that he was watching her, Mabel laughed and chatted with the men who surrounded her. At last, these went their separate ways, leaving the field clear for Mr. Algernoon Spooner. This was a fashionable, but rather melancholy, young gentleman, who had been driven to quote pathetic poetry and talk of blighted hopes by Mabel's coldness. But this evening he took courage. Mabel smiled on him. This sudden change made him deliriously joyful. When he could find no excuse for remaining near her longer, he whispered to her with a side glance at her aunt,

"Be in the West Parlor about twilight to-morrow. Do not disappoint me. I have something to say, meant only for your ears."

Mabel bowed assentingly. She had not understood the words; she was thinking of the man at the end of the piazza, but she had heard their sound, and assented mechanically. But Miss Lane had heard the words, and understood them, too.

"Umph!" she thought. "Here's another case on my hands. The West Parlor—I'll be there. The girl must be getting desperate, if she consents to marry that fellow. I did not foresee this."

No sooner had Spooner vanished than a gentleman who had been impatiently waiting his exit, took the vacant chair. He was a low-speaking, rather pompous colonel of U. S. A.—on leave of absence. He had admired Mabel at a distance ever since she had arrived. Her unusual unreserve and brilliancy this evening had given him hope. After a short conversation in which Mabel sustained the principal part, he said:

"My leave of absence expires in two days. I will be obliged to leave Seaview to-morrow night."

"Indeed!" Mabel tried to appear interested.

"May I hope," he asked, "to have a few words of private conversation with you in the East Parlor about dusk to-morrow?"

"Meet us in the East Parlor? Oh, certainly, my dear colonel. There's a hop there, you know. We are going," Miss Lane interrupted.

The colonel bowed, somewhat disconcerted. "He intends to propose," thought Mabel. "Well, I like him, and I am tired of living with my aunt. I'll marry him. What does it matter now?"

There was a short silence. The colonel arose.

"Grant me an interview in the West Parlor about eight to-morrow evening," he said, in a lower tone. "The train starts at 8.45. That is a guarantee that I will not detain you long."

"I will be there, Colonel Thornton," Mabel answered.

"The girl is crazy," muttered Miss Lane. "Two appointments at the same time and place with two different men. Is she going to turn Mormon?" Miss Lane was perplexed. "Well, it's lucky one engagement wasn't made for the East Parlor, for I couldn't be in two places at once."

"And now, aunt," said Mabel, wearily, "I am going to bed. Don't talk to me. I'm tired."

The following evening came. Miss Lane descended from her room attired with fearful and wonderful art. There was to be a hop that night, and in quiet Seaview a hop was an event sufficient in itself to furnish the sojourners with conversation for the next two weeks. Miss Lane was always radiant at the hops. Her elaborate youthfulness and innocent simplicity on these occasions were almost as fearful and wonderful as her toilette.

Determined to foil the two pretenders to her niece's hand, whose whispers she had heard on the preceding evening, Miss Lane took up her position in an easy-chair in the West Parlor shortly before dusk.

"Men are blind—blind as moles," she cogitated, smoothing down the folds of her scarlet moire, "here are three dying to marry my silly little niece, while I, with—I may say without vanity—my superior attractions, am entirely overlooked. Such is life!"

Twilight melted into darkness. Miss Lane became impatient. A footfall faintly sounded on the thick carpet, and through the darkness the outline of Mr. Algernon Spooner's form was faintly discerned.

"Miss Lane," he said in a trembling voice.

"The same," murmured the lady.

"Ahem—hem!" he cleared his throat. His teeth chattered and his knees shook. Poor fellow! he had never proposed before, and though he had been studying a Guide to Courtship all the morning, he found the situation very trying. "Miss Lane!"

"Well?"

"Animated by sentiments of the most tender kind, my heart—my heart—" he forgot the rest, and fumbled in his pocket for the Guide to Courtship, but then he remembered where he was, and cold perspiration bedewed his forehead. There was an awful pause. "Miss Lane!"

"Well?" Miss Lane's voice was very low and sweet. Was she not Miss Lane as well as her niece? Was he not about to propose to her? Oh, for a witness, in case he should draw back when he should find that it was the wrong woman! At this moment Mabel looked in at the door, and seeing that the parlor was occupied, retired, much relieved. Mr. Spooner stood with his back to the door.

"In fact, Miss Lane," he stammered, "I like you better than any girl I ever saw. I've a tight little sum well invested, you know, and my old uncle—Seth Spooner, the banker, you know—is on his last legs, so my prospects are not altogether what you might call dark. We're both young, you know, and if you'll only let me call you my own Mabel and name the day—"

"Call me what you please, and let it be soon. I am yours!"

Miss Lane clasped him violently around the neck, and, overcome by her emotions, left the room. Mr. Spooner was wild with joy. He could scarcely believe that the ordeal had passed so happily. In going out he ran against Colonel Thornton, who was entering.

"Congratulate me, old boy!" he cried. "I've done it—Miss Lane—Mabel—has promised to be mine. You're in for groomsman, of course."

"Do you mean to say that Miss Mabel Lane has consented to marry *you*?" asked the colonel, in a suppressed tone.

"Yes—why not?"

"You repeat the assertion?"

"Why not? I say, old boy—"

"You're an infamous liar, sir!" the colonel cried, angrily. "That young lady promised to meet me in this very room, and she was certainly aware that I intended to propose."

"Good gracious! I—but we will meet again, colonel, when you are cooler."

"Meet again!" repeated the fiery soldier. "Yes; to-morrow morning, at half-past four, on the sands, near the lighthouse. Pistols."

"Good gracious!—this is horrible!" began Mr. Spooner.

"You will be there," pursued the colonel, sternly, "or I will denounce you as a poltroon and a liar. You will be there. No doctor, or anybody. *I've* studied medicine."

"Yes, if you particularly wish it; but I have an engagement—that is—"

"Pistols, remember—or swords, if you prefer them. Good-night."

And Colonel Thornton majestically stalked from the room. Mr. Spooner sank upon an ottoman, and buried his face in his hands. He shuddered and groaned. He knew that the colonel was a dead shot. To be perforated by a pistol-ball when a beautiful young lady was ready to marry you, and your rich uncle was on his last legs! The idea drove Mr. Spooner to distraction. He would appeal to the authorities in secret; but, unfortunately, there appeared to be no authorities in Seaview. He would write anonymously to Miss Lane, the aunt, and Miss Lane, the niece, apprising them of the intended duel. They would certainly manage to prevent it. He accordingly went to his room, and wrote the two notes. He sent them immediately by a waiter.

Mabel was rather frightened by the contents of her note. The unknown writer implored her to prevent murder, by going down to the beach, near the lighthouse, at precisely half-past four, A. M., the next day. She dared not tell her aunt, for that lady would probably go into hysterics, and be worse than useless. Whom could she consult? The calm, self-reliant image of Carl Raymond rose before her. A little sigh escaped her as she thought of him. He was the only one on whom she could depend. It was perhaps a matter of life and death. She would not let her pride stand in her way. She determined to speak to him.

The hop was in full swing. Carl Raymond was probably in the East Parlor. She went down. They were dancing the Lancers, and it was some time before she could cross the room. Carl stood near a window. She approached, gently touched his arm, and asked him to go out upon the piazza. Then he listened gravely while she explained her errand. After a short discussion, it was agreed that they should both go to the lighthouse at the hour named in the note.

Miss Lane also received her note. But she was well aware from whom it came, for she had heard part of the dialogue between Mr. Spooner and Colonel Thornton. She prepared herself for a scene, and resolved to present herself to Spooner on the morrow in the guise of a protecting angel. At a very early hour she walked pensively down to the lighthouse. The duellists were already on the beach. In truth, the colonel had knocked Spooner up, or he might not have presented himself so soon. Spooner was anxious and expectant. The colonel calmly occupied himself with his pistol. Miss Lane made a rush at Spooner, and threw herself on his neck with great force.

"Algernon, my Algernon!" she cried. "The wretch shall kill me first!"

"Good gracious!" said Algernon, staggering under her weight. "I beg pardon, Miss Lane, but if you *could* be a little less affectionate."

"I am your promised wife, remember, Algernon. Yes, Colonel Thornton, I promised to be his last night. It was not my niece. You are laboring under a mistake. My Algernon is saved!"

A light broke into Spooner's mind. "It was the wrong woman!" he exclaimed. "*It was the wrong woman!*" Cutting a joyful pigeon-wing, he dropped his pistol, and fled toward the hotel.

Miss Lane raised her hands and eyes skyward.

"Deserted!" she said. "Oh, why was I not named Ariadne instead of Arethusa?"

"I'm sure I don't know, ma'am," replied Colonel Thornton, picking up the pistols, and turning hotel-wards.

When Carl and Mabel reached the spot, it was deserted. They concluded that the affair was a hoax. In spite of her resolution to keep up her dignity, Mabel could not refrain from asking after Mrs. Vernon. Then the truth came out, and they discovered another hoax.

Well, in another month they were married, and of course were happy ever afterward. People who marry always are.

The new Ariadne retired to live on her legacy. She delights in calling herself the deserted, and says that she never loved a dear gazelle. But as the old Ariadne consoled herself after the desertion of Theseus, it is probable that the new Ariadne would follow her example, should an eligible swain present himself in place of the early lost Spooner.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Driven from the Path. A Novel. Edited by Dr. Charles Skarr. Published by D Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Clarton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

Lost Gip. By the author of "Jessica's First Prayer," "Little Meg," etc. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Clarton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

The Gypsy's Warning. By Eliza A. Dupuy. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Lippincott's Magazine for September. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

Scribner's Magazine for September. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

The Atlantic Monthly for September. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

The Galaxy for September. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

Old and New for September. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

The Edinburgh Review for July. American Edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Phila.

The British Quarterly Review, for July. American edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Phila.

The Westminster Review, for July. American edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Phila.

Songs of the Bible. By W. A. Ogden and A. J. Abbey. Published by W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

Diana of Meridon; or, The Lady of Monsoreau. By Alexander Dumas. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

Miss or Mrs.? And other stories. By Wilkie Collins. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

The American Exchange and Review, for August. Review Publishing and Printing Co., Phila.

Report of the Board of Trustees of the Agricultural College of Pennsylvania. For the year 1872.

How Do You Feel?—The fervid heats of summer are now over. In what condition have they left you? Is your liver torpid or disordered, your appetite feeble, your digestion imperfect or painful, your nervous system shaky, your mind lethargic? This is the state in which the autumn finds tens of thousands of us, and in this state we are ripe for the malarious fevers, and bowel complaints, and bilious diseases, which the heavy dews, the vapors, and the vast difference between the temperature of night and day are apt to engender. Rouse yourself from this condition with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Wake up the latent vitality of the body, which only requires the stimulating, strengthening and regulating agency of this mighty vegetable restorative to enable it to resume its activity and potency. Indigestion, biliousness, miasmatic fevers, and disorders of the bowels, are the usual sequence of a long heated term. Prevent or cure them with the Bitters. You can do either, but prevention is best.

A GRAND MEDAL FOR CLEVELAND.

The Wilson Sewing-Machine Takes the Grand Prize at Vienna.

Three separate dispatches from Vienna combine to dispel all doubt as to what sewing-machine has won the first honors of the great Exposition. The first was a special to the New York press on Monday, and was as follows:—

"Vienna, Aug. 15, 1873.

"The Wilson Shuttle Sewing-Machine was awarded the Grand Prize at the Vienna Exposition for being the *best Sewing Machine*."

The second was the regular Associated Press report, compiled from a long special to the New York Herald, in which the "Wilson Sewing-Machine of Cleveland, Ohio," was named as among the exhibitors which received "medals for merit," the highest class of premiums awarded at the Exposition. *All other sewing-machines will receive simply an award for progress.*

The third was a private cable telegram received yesterday from Vienna, by Mr. Wilson himself, which was as follows:—

"Vienna, August 19.

"*You have received five medals—two for merit and three co-operative.*"

The meaning of this is, that the Wilson machine has received the grand medal *as the best sewing-machine*, and a second medal as the machine best manufactured—that is, embodying the best mechanical workmanship. Besides these, Mr. George W. Baker, Assistant Superintendent of the Wilson Sewing-Machine Company, receives a special medal for excellence of workmanship on the machine; Mr. Williams, of this city, receives a medal for best sewing on leather, done by the Wilson; and Miss Brock and Miss De Lussoy receive still another medal for best samples of family sewing and embroidery, done on the Wilson machine. This sweeps the entire board. Not only has the Wilson Sewing-Machine been pronounced the most capable and efficient sewing-machine in the world, but its work, on both dry goods and leather, is pronounced superior to that of all other machines. This verdict at a World's Fair, where all the leading sewing-machines of both continents have competed before a thoroughly competent committee for more than three months, is the most complete triumph ever won by a sewing-machine. We congratulate Mr. Wilson, we congratulate Cleveland on this admirable result. The people of the United States can henceforth be assured that in buying the Wilson machine for $30 less than any other first-class sewing-machine is offered, they are purchasing the best sewing-machine ever offered to the public. It is the people's own machine, made to do the people's work, and offered at a price which every one can afford to pay. It is the people's machine which has won this triumph; the judgment of the Vienna Committee only confirms the verdict that the masses had long ago reached by actual experience.—*Cleveland Daily Leader, August 20.*

Bogus Vienna Premiums.—As we have taken ALL of the GRAND MEDALS awarded to sewing-machines and work done on sewing-machines at the Vienna Exposition, which fact has been announced in the newspapers by Associated Press telegrams (*over which we have had no control,*) and consequently is unquestionable evidence, we deem it due to ourselves to caution the public against the BOGUS CLAIMS and paid advertisements of our vanquished competitors.

Wilson Sewing-Machine Company.

Cleveland, O., August 18, 1873.

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,

KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT;

PURIFIES THE BLOOD,

RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;

CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

SECURED TO ALL.

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PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

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Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York.

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THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 13, 1873.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

Single copy, $3.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every yearly ($3.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, "LITTLE SAMUEL," or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." (Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.)

TO THOSE WHO DESIRE TO GET UP CLUBS.

If you wish to get up a club for THE POST, send us your name, and we will forward you, *free of charge*, a number of specimen copies of the paper, so that, with them, you can give your neighborhood a good canvassing.

TERMS OF CLUBS. For $8.00 we will send four copies of THE POST for one year to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending the Club shall be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to either of our beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

For $16 we will send eight copies to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending this Club shall be entitled to a copy of THE POST *free*, and to a copy also of the Premium Chromo, or to either of our Premium engravings.

The senders of Clubs can afterwards add single copies at $2.00 each.

Any club-subscriber wishing the Chromo or an Engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

☞ No deviation allowed from our regular terms. If less money is sent, the paper will be sent for a proportionate period.

WE WILL SEND YOU ANY NEWSPAPER OR MAGAZINE YOU WISH, IN CONNECTION WITH THE POST, AT A REDUCED PRICE—as follows: Any Paper or Magazine the regular price of which is $1.00 at 87 cts.; regular price $2.00 at $1.75; regular price $2.50 at $2.25; regular price $3.00 at $2.62; regular price $4.00 at $3.50; regular price $5.00 at $4.50.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to the order of the Saturday Evening Post*.

BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are enjoined to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

NEXT WEEK.

A HIDDEN WRONG;

OR,

Too Trusting and Too Fair.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH MORRISON.

We shall begin in our next number this strange and heart-touching story. It has been prepared with great care expressly for THE POST, and will do much to uphold the reputation we have always held, and which we allude to with pardonable pride—that of giving the finest stories of any paper in the country.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

PRETTINESS.

Prettiness like all other possessions, *can* be cultivated; and those of us who are deprived of clear, brilliant complexions, regular features, sparkling and expressive eyes, and "a love of a month," can yet redeem the ugliness of our faces by cultivating a pleasant countenance, and thus brighten, and even beautify the facial expression. Ill health will often rob the face of all its beauty, especially if it traces a peevish expression upon it, but ill-temper mars the handsomest countenance, because it cannot fail to make its mark about the flexible muscles of the mouth and chin, and the close observer can read the characters it imprints upon the faces of both young and old.

The young girls of our day are very apt to injure, if not ruin their faces, by the discontented, pouting expression they contract from a lack of discipline. We do not use the term "*pouting*" in the sense in which it is applied to cherry-red lips, but we allude to an ill-humored or ill-grained expression, which is seen upon many a girl's face, and destroys the brightness and beauty of her appearance as effectually as clouds obscure the sunshine. There is a proverb which tells us that "God made our faces, but we make our mouths," and it contains germs of truth.

If you doubt our statement, walk down the principal avenues of a large city and look attentively at the faces you meet. Mark well the expressions of the features; regard the discontented, sour contraction of the muscles of this lady's mouth; behold the sullen, moody twist of that one on your left; see the conceited smirk of the one on your right; and the haughty, proud look of another. Mark well the expression of each face, and see how the varying passions of the soul have set their seal upon mouth, lips and chin; so that he who passes by can read the tale thereon inscribed.

To be sure most men possess an advantage over women in this respect, because they can veil these flexible motors with long fringes of hair, and thus conceal the ugly traits of their dispositions. But take off the mustaches and whiskers of the men of the period, and what a difference there would be in their appearance!

Our gentlemanly friend would often appear miserly, mean and deceitful: and we should wonder at the transformation he had undergone. Indeed, beards are of great service to the male gender—and make many an otherwise inferior countenance quite presentable.

The question is often asked—"What is beauty?" and the replies are always indefinite, for true beauty cannot be defined, as it is the outgrowth of the soul.

The poet asks:

"What is beauty? Not the show
Of shapely limbs and features? No.
These are but flowers
That have their dated hours,
To breathe their momentary sweets. Then go.
'Tis the stainless soul within,
That outshines the fairest skin."

Thus we all recognize beauty or prettiness whenever we see it, but it is impossible for us to analyze it. In the full flush of youth it may be described by the brilliant, sparkling eyes of deepest black, or violet-blue, or bronzy hazel; in the clear-cut profile, the pure milk-and-rose complexion, or the soft, olive hue of the lovely brunette; and the exquisitely-shaped mouth, forming Cupid's bow. All these varied charms, added to a perfect figure, grace of manner and the blended attractions which a thorough education will bestow, produce an effect which is truly beautiful; and yet, if the soul is not equally beautiful, there is a decided lack of charms.

Now, prettiness need not depend upon beautiful hair, eyes, mouth, complexion, hands, feet, or a graceful figure, although these attractions add greatly to one's personal appearance; but a kind, loving, thoughtful, considerate heart will surely give a lovely expression, all its own, to every face.

We know many women who possess few personal charms, yet their faces are always attractive, and children delight in them—love them.

For meretricious charms have little power over the childish mind; and no matter how bright the eyes or handsome the face, if a kindly soul is not enshrined within the fair temple of the flesh, after the first acquaintance, they recognize no prettiness therein.

Young girls always desire—yea, crave—beauty; and it is within their possession if they will only cultivate it—will only give ear to the wisdom which bids them control their tempers, restrain their malice, and cherish good-will and kindliness of thought toward everybody, and thus beautify themselves.

A leading writer of the day declares that, "Life becomes more harmonious—it beats with a keener pulse of enjoyment in the presence of a pretty woman. After all, a charming little figure, or a piquant little face, is the best remedy for half the ills of existence, its worries, its vexations, its dullness, and its disappointments." But with these charms *must* be added a soul, not at variance with itself or mankind, else they could never prove a panacea for the woes of life.

Ruskin, one of the most famous of English authors, says that it is every woman's duty to make herself handsome, and that she can do it in a great degree, and that it should be a part of her religion. For she owes it to her God to make the most of the material He has given her. Of course he does not intend that a woman should permit her mind to run upon her personal appearance to its distraction from things of more importance; but that she should keep her person neat and attractive; and cultivate a spirit of kindness; avoiding all uncharitableness, envy, jealousy, and the mean and despicable thoughts which engender evil passions, and thus imprint upon her face the graces which will outshine the transient bloom of youthful beauty.

And as age creeps on space we can write pleasant histories upon our faces, and impart to them a prettiness that they lacked even in childhood's gladdest hour; "an' it please us."

To be pretty seems to some girls the *ne plus ultra* of life. To them we say cultivate the graces of disposition which unknown to yourself will illuminate your faces.

Beauty, without beauty of the soul, cannot endow its possessor with happiness, but its possession often engenders jealousies and detraction, and its owner is made to feel the sting of viperous fangs.

So cultivate prettiness, my young friends, and remember these lines:

"Beautiful faces they that wear
The light of the pleasant spirit there,
It matters little if dark or fair.

"Beautiful hands are they that do
The work of the noble, good and true,
Busy for them the long day through."

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

SONG.

Away! to the winds with prudence,
Be happy while we may;
Our lease on life's uncertain;
Away, with care away!
We'll fly o'er the sparkling waters
To some far southern isle,
Where spring ne'er fades to summer,
And skies forever smile;
Where flowers of tropic brightness
Sweetest odors bear;
Where birds of gorgeous plumage
Gem the scented air;
Love and hope before us,
No regret behind,
Our future a new Eden,
With heavenliest colors lined.
The love that binds us, darling,
Will burn till life is done,
And after? I do not question,
My heaven's already won.
Then away with chilling prudence,
Be happy while we may;
Our lease on life's uncertain;
Away! to the south, away!

E.

Biographical Sketches.

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Benedict Arnold was born at Norwich, Connecticut, on the 3d of January, 1740. His father was a shipowner, having an extensive trade with the West Indies. He was suspected of "sharp" dealings, and his integrity was not without reproach. For a time he prospered, but reverses came, and he gradually sank into poverty and intemperance. Mrs. Arnold, his second wife, was much respected for her virtues and amiability of temper. Benedict and his sister Hannah were the only ones of the six children who survived beyond the years of childhood.

During the early part of Benedict Arnold's life, his father's affairs prospered, and he enjoyed the advantage of a good education, although there is no evidence that he profited extraordinarily by it. While yet a lad, he was apprenticed to the Lathrops, druggists, who were distant relations of his mother. In spite of the interest they took in the boy, his employers were soon compelled to acknowledge that he was mischievous, restless and cruel. His amusements were indicative of his character. He delighted in robbing birds' nests, and in maiming the young birds in sight of their parents, in order that he might enjoy the distress of both. A school-house stood near the druggist's establishment, and it was one of young Arnold's pleasures to scatter fragments of broken vials in the path that the children would take in coming from school. There was a mill in the neighborhood, to which he often took corn to be ground, and while waiting for the meal, he would cling to the water-wheel, and be swiftly whirled around as it moved—now above and now below the surface of the stream.

At the age of sixteen, he secretly enlisted, and started with other recruits for Hartford, but his mother succeeded in procuring his release. Soon after he again ran away and enlisted. Military discipline, however, proved uncongenial to his untamed spirit. He deserted, and returned to Norwich. When an officer passed through the town in search of deserters, his friends concealed him in a cellar. At nightfall he made his escape into the interior of the country, and remained there until the officer's departure. Mrs. Arnold was deeply afflicted by the wayward conduct of her only son.

"Heaven," says Sparks, in his biography of Arnold, "relieved her from the anguish of witnessing her son's career of ambition without virtue, of glory tarnished with crime, and of depravity ending in infamy and ruin. She died before he reached the age of manhood."

Having completed his term of apprenticeship, he began business on his own account, in New Haven. He was successful as an apothecary and general merchant; but his restless activity needed a wider field of exercise. He engaged in the business of shipping cattle and provisions to the West Indies. He became bankrupt—but with indomitable energy and perseverance, embarked again in the same business. He married a lady named Mansfield, who died about the beginning of the Revolution. He had by this marriage three sons—Benedict, Richard, and Henry. Benedict, the eldest, died young, in the West Indies. The others afterward removed to Canada, where they received lands from the English Government.

In March, 1775, Benedict Arnold was appointed commander of one of the companies of militia known as the Governor's Guards. The New Haven people were thrown into a ferment of excitement by the news of the battle of Lexington. Arnold at once cried, "To arms!" His company was without ammunition, which the town authorities hesitated to supply. He was in no mood to parley, so he sent a message to the Selectmen to the effect that if the keys of the magazine were not given up to him, he would break it open by force. The Selectmen, perhaps glad of the excuse, complied with his demand, and at the head of his company, Arnold hastened impetuously toward the field of action. On the 3d of May, he was commissioned as a colonel in the service of Massachusetts, and commander-in-chief of a body of troops—yet to be raised—which was to make an attack on Fort Ticonderoga. Much to his regret and disappointment, however, he discovered that a party had already set out on the same errand, commanded by Colonels Easton and Ethan Allen. Just as these volunteers had appointed Colonel Allen their chief, Arnold made his appearance, and boldly claimed the command in virtue of his commission. The volunteers, astonished by such assurance, refused to acknowledge his authority, and he, after some altercation, consented to serve in the ranks. When, on the 10th of May, Ticonderoga was taken by the Americans, Arnold distinguished himself by his reckless bravery, and assumed the privilege of entering the fort at the left hand of Ethan Allen, who passed through the gate at the head of his men. Not long after this, Arnold was appointed conductor of an expedition which was to proceed through the wilderness to Quebec, and he received from Washington a colonelcy in the Continental service.

His brilliant courage made itself conspicuous. There was no braver officer in the army; it is a pity that his other qualities were not equal to his courage. He had gained great popularity among the masses of the people, though he was disliked in the army. Unfortunately, he never understood patriotism as Washington understood it—a virtue to be exercised for a purer motive than that of mere personal gain—but he regarded it as a saleable article, for which his country was bound to remunerate him in the proportion that he displayed it. In February, 1777, Congress appointed five new major-generals, all of them being Arnold's juniors. He indignantly complained of this public slight. Washington, who always acted in a friendly spirit toward him, wrote a soothing letter, and promised his endeavors to rectify the seeming injustice of this appointment. After his brave exploits at Danbury, Congress could no longer refuse him promotion. He was made a major-general, but left by the date of his commission below the five juniors who had previously been raised to the same rank. About this time an event took place which did not increase his favor in the eyes of Congress. His accounts were found to be incorrect, and the incorrectness added extravagantly to his own gains. Although he deserved impeachment for peculation, it did not hinder him from talking loudly of his country's ingratitude. His discontent was not lessened by a decision of the court-martial, by which he was condemned on various charges, to be reprimanded. This sentence was carried into effect by General Washington with all the courtesy and consideration that the commander-in-chief thought due to a brave officer.

While in command at Philadelphia, Arnold's manner of living was lavishly extravagant. He contracted an immense amount of debt, which he was utterly unable to pay. While in Philadelphia he fell in love with the beautiful Miss Shippen, who had been one of the belles of the magnificent Mischianza, given by the British officers before their evacuation of the city. The young lady became his wife. She had been acquainted with Major André, and continued to correspond with him—a circumstance which her husband afterward used to conceal the progress of his treason. It was to André that Arnold, using the name of Gustavus, sent the letters which were intended for the British general, Sir Henry Clinton.

The dark and sad story, in which Arnold's treason and André's fate are intermingled, is too well-known to need recapitulation. After André had been sentenced, Arnold might have lightened the dark stain of his treachery by surrendering himself in exchange for the unfortunate prisoner; but Arnold was incapable of such a reparation. As a reward for his treason, Arnold received from Sir Henry Clinton six thousand three hundred and fifteen pounds, and the brevet of brigadier-general. He had the impudence to issue an address to the inhabitants of America, vindicating his course, abusing the French alliance, and calling on American soldiers to desert. Desertions wholly ceased after this appeal from the traitor. Arnold's conduct at New London was worthy of Nero or Caligula. He set fire to this town—almost within sight of the place of his birth, and reduced it to ashes.

Despised by all honest men, he sailed for England. After some vicissitudes, he died in London, June 14, 1801, aged sixty-one years.

[*Note.*—Mr. Egan has given above the usual historical view of Arnold. We believe that in several respects it is too darkly drawn.—*Ed. Post.*]

Bad Temper.

There are few things more productive of evil in domestic life than a thoroughly bad temper. It does not matter what form that temper may assume—whether it is of a sulky kind that maintains perfect silence, or the madly passionate, which vents itself in absolute violence. Ill temper at any age is a bad thing; it never does anybody any good, and those who indulge in it feel no better for it. After the passion has passed away, one sees that he has been very foolish, and knows that others see it, too. Bad temper in the aged is perhaps the most trying of all; it is indeed a pitiable sight to see the wrinkled cheek of an old person aflame with the fires of anger and passion. Since anger is useless, and an unspeakable misery to its victim, why should it be indulged in at all?

☞ The Nation recently stated that Miss Harriet Martineau was dead. Miss Martineau denies the assertion.

OLD AND NEW.

BY MIRIAM EARL.

You have heard the story
Of the summer glory,
Of a gems of passion flower;
How it opens its eyes,
With a June sunrise,
In the green of a lady's bower.

Scarlet as fire
The leaves aspire,
Till the least one lies unfurled;
When the sun slips down
Behind forest and town,
To rise on another world.

Then the leaves wither,
Blown hither and thither,
On idle winds of night;
And the bloom is gone,
Ere a second dawn
Of busy searching light.

Such is man's loving;
And this to be proving,
My muse would haste along,
And the narrative told,
As a truth will hold,
Or serve for a minstrel's song.

Like a bandolero,
Our dashing hero
Put down his haughty feet;
And his winsome voice,
When it was his choice
To be gracious, fell as sweet

As the charmed reed
That Ganymede
Dropt down amid the daisies;
When he looked toward the sun
For a cloud to sit on,
That would sail to heavenly places.

He had princely features
As seen in the pictures,
Of knights of ancient Spain,
Who would make long journeys
To tilt at the tourneys,
The hand of the fair to gain.

He had houses and grounds,
And horses and hounds,
And money and interest to spend;
And the best in the land,
Might take his hand,
And be proud to call him friend.

Far East and West
It stood confest—
One maid outshone them all;
However fair,
None might compare
With Alice of Lindley Hall.

Young Arthur's eye
Read destiny
When first he looked upon her;
Her spirit heard,
And his graceful word
And worship won her.

Like a wild wine rose,
The sunn unclose
To the sweets of its inmost core,
So every feature
Of her pure nature,
Unfolded his eyes before.

One sunny day,
In the middle of May,
When the lovely orchard trees
Hung to earth's bosom,
Heavy with blossom,
And honey-laden bees,

He whispered, I go;
But darling know
It's just for a little time—
Ere the lindens turn,
And the maples burn,
I am here to claim you mine.

'Tis a harp restrung,
And an old song sung
In a slightly altered strain;
You have guessed the truth—
The faithless youth
Came never to her again.

When the yellow sheaves
Were bound, and the leaves
Made bright paths for the feet,
In a shrouded room,
In her castle of doom,
She lay in her winding sheet.

With muffled tread,
The beautiful dead
Was slowly borne away,
And the white-plumed hearse
Took its mournful course
To the tomb where her mother lay.

They paused to wait
At the old church-gate,
For a crowd that moved outside;
And with lingering tread,
Close by the dead
Walked one with his new-made bride.

To the sexton alone,
In an undertone,
He asked with a care-naught air,
Who of the great,
That ye come in state,
Do ye to the churchyard bear?

With lips a-quiver,
Quoth he, "Ah, never
Lay fairer one under the pall;
If ye stop hereabout,
Ye have heard no doubt
Of Alice of Lindley Hall."

His cheek grew pale
As his bride's white veil
Swept over across his face,
He lightly kissed her,
And then in a whisper—
Let's away from the ghostly place.

She little guessed
He had ever caressed
The clay in the satin shroud;
And the pallid look
His fine face took,
Unnoticed passed in the crowd.

Sleep then, sweet Alice,
A wine-filled chalice
Of life is fitting token;
If the warmth of love
Doth too much move,
Then is the crystal broken.

Sleep, dear dead one,
Thy fate we mourn—
His own hath proven worse;
His wealth is gone
Like the dew at dawn,
And his wife sues for divorce!

POOR PRETTY LUCIE.

BY MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

She is no longer a child, nor is she quite a woman, as she steals along the hazy border land that lies between the two estates, her face turned toward the future, but with a slant look at the light that lies behind.

She has been poor Lucie, poor pretty Lucie to her father ever since the day when, a shy, dim child of six years, she clung to his hand peering with a tear-washed face down into the grave where her mother was lying with a tiny baby boy resting on her cold bosom.

Poor pretty Lucie! as she stands in the doorway in the golden light of a September sunset, waiting her father's return from the village, you can see that she is not pretty, normally. Her limbs are long, thin and awkward, and she has an ungraceful stoop in the shoulder, but she has an exquisitely fair complexion and a great abundance of fair, rippling hair, always dropping out of the restraint of hairpins and nets and braids, to rest on those high, awkward shoulders. Her large, gray eyes, with their heavy lids and thick lashes, have by daylight a blank, dull look, always peering and blinking as if they could not bear the sun, but in the dusk they are seen to brighten into a wonderful and luminous beauty.

She stands in the kitchen doorway watching for her father; impatient, not that she cares so much by an hour or two whether she sees him or not, but because she expects him to bring her a message from her absent lover.

"Why doesn't he come?" she cries, impatiently, for the twentieth time, as the dusk of evening deepens and the shadows about her grow darker. "He knows it vexes me to be kept waiting like this."

She bends forward to peer through the shrubbery and drooping apple boughs at the narrow strip of white, sandy road, leading from the brow of the hill straight to the farm-house gate. Ordinary eyes could have distinguished nothing definite moving in that tremulous glimmer of dusky starlight, but Lucie Jerome's sight, grown keen like a night bird's in the dark, detected at once the outline of a tall form coming toward her with that long *climbing* stride peculiar to those accustomed to going up hill all their life.

Five minutes later, when Mr. Jerome entered the kitchen, Lucie was busy with the cups and saucers at the table, making tea as demurely as if a due proportion of the ingredients were the one thought paramount in her mind.

"Did I keep ye waitin', chick?" he asked, hanging his blue soldier's overcoat on its wooden peg in the ceiling. It was the year after the closing of the war, and the army blue was still a familiar sight in our streets and homes. "I should 'a' bin home sooner but that air Luke Tompkins kep' me a talkin' about his crops an' the price he meant to git for 'em. 'Fraid somebody 'll git a penny a bushel more on taters than he does; everlastin' old gabber."

"I am afraid you will find your potatoes cold by this time, father," said Lucie's sweet, low voice. "I expected you an hour ago; but here is your tea, hot and strong."

She listened patiently to his gossip, dreading to ask him for her letter lest he should say there was none for her. Her dull, shy nature preferred the suspense of waiting and hoping to the sharper pain of positive disappointment that might be in store.

"Baked some pork, didn't ye?—did ye have beans, too? You know I always like beans with my pork, 'specially when it's baked hard with a crust. Tompkins was a runnin' round like all possessed tryin' to sell half a bushel of 'em to-day for two dollars."

Then the suspense became unbearable.

"Did you go into the post-office, father?" Lucie asks, tremulously.

"The post-office? Oh, law! yes. There's a letter for you in my coat-pocket up there. I never should 'a' thought on it if you hadn't asked. Didn't know as you had a litterary turn, Lucie, gittin' up corrispondents an' all that. Who is it from?"

But Lucie, snatching the precious missive fled away into the buttery, where with her tall candle flickering and casting its uncertain light on the words, she tore open the envelope, and read:

"MY DARLING:—I shall try to see you to-night at the usual time, if you will let me in. I came home this morning, and have been trying to put my rooms in order; but it needs a woman's dainty hands to do that. So I bear with their present ugliness, thinking how fine you will make them by and by. Connar is with me. I give him a corner of my home, and you will give him a corner of your heart when I tell you that once he did me a great service. But of that more when we meet. Till then, for a few hours, good-bye, Lucie, my Lucie! Until death your own "O'SHEA."

Lucie read the letter twice, and then, with a quick movement, raised it to her lips and covered the precious words with kisses.

You have seen how, when you put a lighted candle in a vase the dull porcelain becomes at once irradiated, glowing with a vivid and utterly foreign beauty; and when the light is withdrawn the precious ware becomes insensible and cold once more. In much the same way the tender light of love kindled Lucie Jerome's pale, everyday features into a bewildering beauty. Her dull gray eye grew luminous, her cheeks blushed themselves into twin roses, her lips were carved with holy, happy maiden smiles. Bear with me if I linger to look at her now: she is so beautiful, so radiant with a divine and awful happiness. It is the one hour of grace given her; in all of Lucy Jerome's long life this is the one brief hour in which she will appeal to our hearts and win them by the sheer force of delicate maiden loveliness. Poor, pretty Lucie!

When she went back to the kitchen, old Mr. Jerome was placidly smoking his pipe. He was used to the girl's shy ways, and did not notice that she sat down in the corner, away from the light. She had a trick of keeping her face in the shadow, of drawing down curtains, and shutting the blinds, with blinking eyes, as if they could not bear the sun.

By and by the clock struck, and Mr. Jerome arose to light his lantern and go to the barn. He usually spent a half hour there, giving old Jenny her oats and fussing around, making her comfortable for the night; and in this half hour Lucie, unknown to him, was wont to receive, by appointment, her lover. If Mr. Jerome hated anything in this world, cordially, then he hated Irishmen. And Lucie's lover was an Irishman; and she knew if she married him that she must do so without her father's blessing—but that would come in due time; she had no fear.

She helped her father with a match.

"There was a mighty pretty prospect of a row in the village to-day," grumbled the old man. "The soldiers were out after one of their deserters. Run away from his colors, the boys said. Hope they'll gin it tew him if they catch him to-night. It was that blasted—what's his name?—there, there, girl! you're spillin' the lie. Take it away. I've got light enough now."

He went out by the back door, and hardly had it shut on him, when the front door opened, and Lucie was in her lover's arms.

"Lucie, my darling! my own precious darling!" he whispered, holding her to his heart, and "Jack! Jack! Jack!" she sobbed, hiding her face in his breast, while her tears fell fast from sheer excess of happiness.

"My darling! how long I have been out there waiting and skulking under the trees! Are you quite sure it is not twelve o'clock, Lucie?" Jack asked, laughingly.

She raised her head with a little happy, foolish laugh, and pointed to the great clock ticking between the two front windows.

"You can see for yourself what the time is. But, indeed, the minutes have all seemed hours to me since I read your letter. I thought father never would go," she answered, lightly.

Jack O'Shea, following the direction of Lucie's hand, glanced at the clock; then his eyes, falling, took in the unshielded window, and he saw the outline of a fierce face peering in at him. Only a glance, and hardly a glance at that, so brief it was, and then the face was gone; but Jack knew it for an enemy's.

A little growing whiteness about the lips, a bracing of the muscles and ominous flash of the eyes followed, unnoted by Lucie, and then Jack controlled himself, waiting. Whatever danger lay in wait for him, and he best knew what it was, he knew that he was safe while with Lucie:—all unconscious as she was, the girl in his arms was for the moment his protector.

With grave and gentle tenderness he led her to a seat, and kneeling by her, pressed her soft hands to his lips. Something in his look, something in his manner went to her heart.

"Jack, Jack!" she cried, "I am so happy; and yet, I am frightened, too. What is the matter? It's three days since I have seen you—three long, long weary days."

"But I was thinking of you all the time, Lucie, darling. Didn't you know it? were you not conscious of it? I bought such quantities of pretty furniture in Albany. It will come down to-morrow, and you must steal away an hour to come up to the house and look at it. Some of it is already here, too."

He smoothed her rippling hair, showering kisses on it, and then started, raising his head, listening.

"Jack, Jack! what is it?" cried Lucie, quivering. "How nervous you are. If it was war times yet, I should think you were watching for the enemy. Oh, how you look: what is it?"

O'Shea laughed a short, bitter laugh.

"War times! The war is over, thank God; but sometimes I think party-feeling runs higher than it ever did before. But then! I am a brute to frighten you: it's nothing. You will come to the house to-morrow, won't you? Promise me you will. You are to be its beloved mistress so soon, you know."

The mighty love within him surged up in the young Irishman's eloquent blue eyes, filling them with passionate tenderness. Ah! many a titled dame would have given rank, and wealth, and beauty to inspire in her lover's heart a tithe of the knightly devotion which Lucie Jerome kindled in her Irish hero's bosom. His voice, rich with a Doric mellowness, sank into a pleading whisper, his handsome face glowing with fire and tender passion, was bent to the shy, anxious one upraised in a confusion of bliss and fear to his.

The girl, like all shy girls when wooed, quick to love and quick to suffer, folded her clasped hands on his shoulders—

"I'll come if I can, Jack. But, Jack, who is Connar? and what is he to you?"

Her blushes came and went painfully.

"He is a Fenian convict, dear; nay, we were Fenian convicts together; I've told you all about that, my darling. He got free first—and then he helped me to escape. By-and-by you shall know the whole story. But I want you always to give poor Connar a warm place in your heart: for he is the dearest, gentlest soul that ever breathed."

Some rustle without the door among the bushes made him raise his head with the old quick motion of listening again.

"I must go now, my darling. Your father will be coming in to find us, if we don't mind. Give me that rose in your hair, Lucie; and now good-bye; good-bye."

Then came the sounds of an old man's halting steps without, and an old man's hacking, feeble cough. Then without another word, but clasping her hands in his with a force that made them numb, O'Shea gave Lucie his last kiss and sprang out into the night.

"I think I shall go to bed, father," said Lucie, as Mr. Jerome came in and hung up his lantern. "I am dreadfully tired."

"Well, well! go to bed, then, chick. You do look pale. For my part, I'm going to set up and watch. Shouldn't wonder if there's a rumpus afore mornin'. Shouldn't wonder if our boys made them Irish desarters trouble afore daylight come agin."

"Made who trouble?" cried Lucie, sharply.

"That Irish desarter, O'Shea. You know he enlisted with our Rensellaer boys; an' they say he cleared out at Gettysburg—regularly run away with one of the enemy, Connar. An' now he's got Connar down here in his house; but the boys threaten to clear 'em out: make the country too hot to hold 'em."

Poor Lucie stood still, with a sharp, awful pain at her heart. Jack out in the midst of his enemies! Oh! why did she let him go. How cruel! how ungenerous! She did not know then, she did not know afterward, that her father's business in the village that day, had been to fan into an active flame the spark of rancorous suspicion that some over-jealous patriot had kindled impeaching the patriotism of the gay and gallant young Irish soldier. For had not O'Shea bought from under Mr. Jerome's very nose, the strip of land and the pretty cottage, which the old miser coveted in addition to his already large possessions; and if O'Shea was "cleared out," might not Mr. Jerome get the land after all with the cottage, for a birthday present to his Lucie?

"He, he!" snickered the old man. "I'll teach 'em to git in old Jerome's way. I'll have that strip of land yet, see if I don't. You'll be the richest woman in Rensellaer county when I die, Lucie. You'll own the whole stretch of land between here and the State line if I can get O'Shea's piece, rot him."

But Lucie had fled away, without stopping to listen, up to her own room. Flinging open the window blind, she leaned out, listening in the dusk. From the extreme elevation on which the house stood, the whole surrounding landscape was unrolled beneath, a map of field and wood and rocky pasture, crossed by running streams and dotted with dark specks of fishing ponds.

Common eyes could have detected nothing moving in that confused mass of light and shadow, but Lucie's sharpened sight clearly defined the outline of a man's form standing on the brow of a grassy ledge, from the foot of which a square of meadow land sloped, belted by a growth of pine and birch.

The figure turned and threw its hand upward toward the window where Lucie was watching. Was it one of Jack enemies? or was it Jack himself, wafting a greeting to the casement, where he knew she was accustomed to sit nightly, communing with her own shy maiden heart?

Presently, from the shadow of the wood other figures advanced, stealthily at first, as if watching, and then in a mass moving briskly forward across the open. They had evidently sighted the solitary figure in the tangled vine growth on the ledge.

"O'Shea!" called a voice. "Is it you? Come out of there. What are you skulking for? Show yourself there."

There was a moment's breathless pause of waiting. The light of a pine torch, hastily ignited, flared upward for a moment, showing the line of rough, brutal faces; and then it died out in darkness.

O'Shea stepped boldly forward to the front.

"What is it?" he answered, cheerily. "You called O'Shea. Here he is. Now, what do you want of him?"

There was another pause, evidently of uncertainty this time. Then a voice, different from the first and apparently thickened with "lashins" of whisky, retorted:

"We want you to give an account of yourself, you sneaking deserter. Where is Connar? Why don't he show himself, too? What is he hiding for? Answer that, will you?"

"It's you, Murphy, is it?" O'Shea answered, distinctly. "I remember you; and there are others who remember you, too. You call me a deserter, do you?

Did you wear the green when you betrayed your comrades in Ireland, the 'Fenian convicts,' whose members figured along with mine on the class-rolls of Millbank Prison?"

The clear, calm scorn of his voice leaping out on the still air, cut sharp, cut sharp and close as steel.

The silence that followed was broken by a shout of rage, like the cry of a wild beast in anger. Then came the quick flash and sharp report of a gun fired, and O'Shea, standing brave and defiant, with the night air tossing his dark locks about his handsome face, wavered and fell. Murphy, the traitor and renegade, had avenged himself, as all such natures do, in murder.

The shout of dismay with which the fell deed was received was echoed by a cry from the house; a woman's sharp, shrill cry, for Lucie, hearing the shot and knowing what it portended, turned from the window and fled with a shriek down the stairs. Her foot caught in the rug, and stumbling, she lay in the hall a moment panting and half-insensible.

"Don't be afraid, Lucie," cried old Jerome, shuffling out, "it's nothing to harm you. Go to bed, dear, and I'll see what it is. Don't you be out in the night air."

He hurried off mumbling and shaking, and Lucie, catching up a shawl which she bound about her head, ran out through the front door into the garden. Bending over the wall she saw the group of figures below, and heard the murmur of subdued voices.

"O'Shea," said one with a suspicion of tears in its sound. "Tell us you are not dying. What can we do for you? I would give my life if this night's work could be undone. Jack, Jack! speak."

"Take me home," said O'Shea, faintly. "It's no use. You can't do anything more. Take me home; Connar's there."

Silently, on a rough bed of boughs, hastily constructed and covered with overcoats of which each man stripped himself, they bore poor Jack, stained with the blood oozing from his breast, along the dim road in the still night, home.

A lamp was burning on the table in the front room as they entered with their sorrowful burden. Cases of furniture unpacked, as they came from the upholsterer's, stood around, and through the open window some late flowering creeper thrusting its trailing arms filled the air with intoxicating odors.

"Not there," cried poor Jack, earnestly, as they would have placed him on the lounge that stood in the middle of the floor. "That is Lucie's lounge. Put me somewhere else."

But only half hearing and not comprehending what he said, they laid him on the sofa, where the blood dropping from his wound was found days after, staining through its canvas wrappings with an unsightly blot the dainty pink plush below.

Through the open door on the other side a man, the figure of a man wrapped in a dressing-gown, but looking more like a skeleton in drapery, entered and hurrying forward knelt by O'Shea's side.

"Jack, what is the matter, what has happened to you?"

"Hush, Connar, lad! I'm shot—dying! This is Connar, boys. He looks like a traitor, don't he?—like a man to be hunted to death."

Jack glanced with a half-bitter, half-humorous smile at Connar's attennated, consumptive body.

"We were Fenian convicts together. Connar escaped first; while he was wandering, ragged and half-starved, with a price set on his own head, he begged money enough to give my mother, a delicately bred and cultured lady she was, whose only fault was that she had a rebel son—I say, Connar begged money enough to give to my mother, robbed and persecuted and dying of sorrow in her old age, a decent burial in a decent grave, under the emerald grass of Templederry, her childhood's home.

"Then I lost sight of him. But I found him at Gettysburg, wounded and trampled on. I picked him up and bore him away to a place of safety, where he could be taken care of. That was the deserting I did, boys. I did everything that I could for Connar's comfort, and then I went back to the thick of the fight. I have taken care of him ever since—you see what he is—and my home should have been his home. Tell them that what I say is true, Connar; every word."

"It is as true as Heaven," said Connar, solemnly, raising his thin, white hand. "And, Jack, tell me who is the author of this night's work. Tell me, that I may avenge you."

"Hush, Connar! There will be no avenging save what Heaven does in its own good time and way. I helped to fight our battles, and now I'm marching on." His mind began to wander. "We used to sing those words, 'we're marching on.' You remember them, don't you, boys?"

"Jack, Jack," sobbed, a chorus of trembling voices. "Don't give up so. Try to live. We would give worlds if this work could be undone. Forgive us. Cheer up and try to live."

Just then the door was flung open, and a face, a woman's face, with wide, peering, frightened eyes glanced in; a woman's slight figure with stained and draggled garments rushed across the floor, and fell weeping by the dying man's side.

"Lucie," he cried, shocked into new life by her coming. "Lucie, you here, and all alone, too!"

"I ran all the way," she sobbed, shivering. "I was so tired, so frightened. I heard the shot, and saw you fall. You are not dying, Jack? Oh, why don't they do something for you! You must not die. You must live," she shrieked, wildly.

She grasped his hand in an agony of tears to her bosom.

"Hush, Lucie, darling," he whispered, "I want to tell you. This was to have been our home, you know; yours and Connar's and mine. It will be yours and Connar's now. You will be good to Connar, won't you? He is the truest, gentlest soul that ever breathed. Like Connar for my sake, Lucie."

She threw her arms about him and dropped her head, with its weight of fair dew-drenched tresses on his breast.

"Jack, Jack, Jack!" she sobbed. "I loved you. I loved you!"

"Poor Lucie!" And O'Shea, glancing with prescient mind forward, saw all the dreariness of the future years stretched out in wait for her. He raised himself into sudden strength.

"You see what you've robbed me of," he said, steadily; "of wife and home and children to make my coming age happy, with God's will. You have made my Lucie here a widow, for she was to have been my wife next week. See that she comes to no want—take care of her and Connar; I leave them in your hands, boys; with you who have murdered me. If they ever suffer, I'll—I'll haunt you all your life."

Then with a sigh he fell back, dead!

And Lucie; poor, pretty Lucie! We do not care to follow her further. Her life is of no more interest to us. This brief day of love was to her what the first fresh hour of the morning is to the rose when the dew glistens on it, before it unfolds its petals to the withering kiss of the sun.

And whether she marries and has little children clinging to her skirts, or whether she fades into a fretful, prematurely sad old maid, God help her! she will never be poor, pretty Lucie again.

THE WHITE LADY;

OR,

The Brierton Mystery.

CHAPTER XI.

IN PURSUIT.

Captain Vane missed the express train by two minutes, and had over forty minutes to wait for the next. This delay was peculiarly unfortunate, as Wild Will had already such a good start; but, of course, it could not be helped.

The young man had casually mentioned where his lodgings were the first evening of his visit to the Hermitage, and Captain Vane went straight to them on reaching town, a about half-past two.

His knock was answered by a very respectable-looking woman, who, struck by his military air, seemed more than willing to give him every information in her power. But, first of all, would he step in and sit down?

Captain Vane had never fully recovered his strength since his illness, and was very glad of the invitation.

Mrs. Collinson led him into a little sitting-room, dusted him a chair, and then began very volubly to apologize for the general disorder.

"The fact is," she said, "the gentleman came back this morning in a mighty hurry to get his things together, previous to starting for the Continent; and when I'd got him off comfortably, and was thinking of tidying up a bit, who should come in but an old gentleman from the country, who was mad eager to see our lodger, and wouldn't be satisfied he wasn't in the house until I showed him all over, even to the hen-coop in the yard; although, as I told him, it could have been close quarters this hot weather, even for a dwarf. But when people have got an idea so obstinately into their heads, the best way is to indulge them, I always say."

"Shall you think very badly of me if I ask to be allowed to follow the old gentleman's example?" inquired Captain Vane, with a persuasive air.

"Oh, no!" replied the woman, who knew enough of Wild Will's circumstances to be surprised at nothing. "Only I do assure you, sir, that Mr. de Lacy's gone."

"I am sure you think so."

"I saw him go; and he couldn't have returned without my knowledge."

"I suppose not; but I should like to look round, just for the satisfaction of the thing, if it wouldn't give you too much trouble."

"No trouble at all," replied Mrs. Collinson, cheerfully. "May I make bold to inquire if you are a friend of his, sir, or a creditor?"

"Neither," replied Captain Vane, sternly.

"No offence, I hope," said the woman, startled by the severity of his tone; "I thought I would just ask."

"Quite right; I don't complain, only that my time is short, and if Mr. de Lacy is not here, it is necessary I should find out where he is with the least possible delay."

"I can satisfy you in one way, if not in the other," said Mrs. Collinson, as she led the way out.

She opened the doors of each room as she passed, and gave him a full view of the interior, until they came to Wild Will's bedchamber, where she hesitated, almost imperceptibly.

Captain Vane was observing her narrowly, and this pause, short as it was, quickened his curiosity.

She entered with a certain reluctance, but, once inside, she appeared to make up her mind that candor would become her best, under all the circumstances, and turned to her companion with an uneasy smile.

"Those things you see there, sir," pointing to the *debris* of Wild Will's wardrobe, belong honestly to my husband, for I'll answer for it he hasn't had a farthing of rent for the lodgings these two months. Not that I wish to complain. Mr. de Lacy was a nice, free gentleman, with a pleasant word for every one, and we did our best for him; but we've all got to live."

"Certainly," replied Captain Vane, hardly understanding her drift as yet.

"I know there's valuables there, sir—for I won't deceive you," she went on; "but perhaps you'll kindly take into consideration our losses, and not be too hard. Mr. de Lacy looked upon them as a compensation, and said we had a first claim; and what they'll fetch, although a good deal to us, wouldn't go far divided."

"Then you still think I am one of Mr. de Lacy's creditors?" said Captain Vane, beginning at last to understand.

"I didn't see what else you could come for," answered Mrs. Collinson, naturally.

"My errand is a very different one; at the same time I should like to look through those things, if you will allow me. If I see anything I want, I will buy it of you at your own price; if not, there is no harm done."

"Very well, sir; that's a bargain," answered Mrs. Collinson, evidently relieved; and she drew back to let him pass, watching him curiously.

It was evident that Wild Will, in preparing for his hurried journey, had left behind everything that he should not absolutely require; and although a man of refined tastes himself, Captain Vane was surprised at the extravagant luxury of many of the articles that passed through his hand. But he only glanced casually at these, whilst his whole attention was riveted and absorbed by the least valuable of all the garments to Mrs. Collinson's experienced eye.

This was a brown coat, rather the worse for wear, and by no means prosperous-looking; but Captain Vane's face actually glowed as he took it to the window, and examined it with evident care.

At last, he turned to Mrs. Collinson,

"What will you take for this?"

"La, sir! whatever you think it is worth."

"Should you be satisfied with a couple of pounds?"

Mrs. Collinson would have been satisfied with a couple of shillings, the coat being so dingy, but she gave no hint of this.

Pretending to take time for reflection, she answered, finally, that two pounds would do.

Only the circumstances looked so suspicious, that she blamed herself afterward for not having searched in the pockets before she concluded the bargain, having a firm conviction to her dying day that Captain Vane had made enormous profit out of her confidence and credulity.

He paid her readily, and seemed mightily pleased with his acquisition, she noticed, as he hurried down stairs. On the last step, he turned back to ask her if she had any idea to what part of the Continent her lodger had gone; and on Mrs. Collinson answering, rather shortly now, that she had not, he went out, jumped into the cab that was waiting at the door, and drove rapidly off.

Persuaded that she had been defrauded, Mrs. Collinson determined that for the future she would never have anything to do with men who had a military air, as they were all a deception from beginning to end.

"For it stands to reason," as she remarked to her husband later, "that a gentleman who had as good a coat as you might wish to see on his back, wouldn't care for that old thing, with a piece torn out at the breast, if there wasn't more in it than met the eye."

Which sounded feasible enough.

But Captain Vane was as proud as if he had found a great treasure. He made the coat into a parcel, and placed it on the seat beside him, resolving never to lose sight of it for a single second, come what might.

Captain Vane made straight for the Charing Cross Station, and waiting for a quiet interval, managed to get the information he required.

But then he had been careful to provide himself beforehand with a good deal of change.

One of the parties evidently recognized Wild Will from the description given, and remembered having labelled his portmanteau "Folkestone."

With the strange lack of caution which was one of the young man's principal characteristics, he had spoken of crossing the Channel that night, and appealed to his fellow-passengers as to whether it was likely to be rough, being, as he expressed himself, a confoundedly bad sailor.

"Only," said the porter, as if this were a sudden thought, "he had a lady with him, sir."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Perfectly, sir."

This staggered Captain Vane, who had not prepared himself for such a contingency.

However, he came to the conclusion, at last, that it was some stray companion, whom Wild Will had picked up in his reckless way, and she need not be allowed for after this one occasion.

He was more than ever confirmed in this view on reaching Folkestone where the scent grew stronger as regarded Wild Will, but left the lady altogether out of the question.

It was probable, therefore, that she had been dropped here, the caprice or precaution—whichever it might have been—having been abandoned.

However, the lady cropped up again at Boulogne, where she had appeared to have excited the admiration of the touters on the port, who described her enthusiastically as "blonde, like a wheat-ear."

"Was it possible that Madeleine—"

But he would not suffer himself to finish the sentence, even in his own mind. Nothing was possible to Madeleine but that which was candid, and truthful, and pure.

Captain Vane followed the clue as far as Paris, and here he lost it absolutely and entirely.

The officials here had less time to observe blonde ladies. If she had had a large quantity of luggage, with a suspicion of contraband articles amongst it, she would have impressed them greatly, and probably have been photographed, in order that the detectives might have the pleasure of knowing her again on her return.

Captain Vane wandered about Paris like a disembodied spirit for several days, haunting the public gardens, and all those places where Englishmen "most do congregate," without seeing the least sign of the object of his search.

He grew weary and dispirited beyond measure at last. He never doubted in his own mind but that he should give this man up to justice if he found him; for what right had he to pity who had shown none, and how could he forgive one who had robbed his life of all its joy and promise?

"It is not in human nature," he thought, and recommenced his search more eagerly than ever.

But without avail.

Sixteen hours out of every day he passed in the streets, taking his meals at the large *cafes* on the Boulevards, where he could see every passer-by, as he hastily swallowed the food necessary for his support.

But he never saw Wild Will, nor any one resembling him sufficiently to cheat him into hope, even for a minute.

He began to think, at last, that it was no use remaining in Paris, as the man of whom he was in search could only have passed through on his way to some more obscure retreat.

His best chance of taking up the lost clue might come from Mr. Langley, after all. Wild Will, being in a state of impecuniosity at all times, would be very eager, naturally, to claim his legacy directly it was paid; and in this way, it might be possible to get hold of him.

Captain Vane felt his failure all the more that he had been so confident of success. The clue was so strong that he thought it must needs lead to victory, without any halt on the way.

One evening he had been wandering slowly up and down the Champs Elysées, and fairly tired, but still more discouraged, at last took a chair.

There was a *café chantant* just behind him, and the shrill accents of the *prima donna* and the plaudits of her admirers broke in upon his revery every now and then; otherwise he was not disturbed.

He was thinking of Winifred, "done to death" ruthlessly in her sweet prime, when he saw a figure leaving the *café*, and coming toward him, that seemed painfully familiar.

Captain Vane sprang to his feet, with a smothered cry, and watched.

The figure came toward him at a brisk pace, but with its face averted; and before he could interpose, suddenly sprang into the road, hailed a passing *fiacre*, and vanished.

Captain Vane dashed after him, and held on ingloriously behind; but a friend, in passing, warned the driver of this fact, and the man struck back so viciously with his whip, that the young officer was obliged to give in.

However, he managed to keep the vehicle in sight until it was approaching the Arc de Triomphe, and then it suddenly disappeared.

But he was so thoroughly convinced in his own mind that the occupant was Wild Will, he resolved to remain in Paris for the present, and carry his investigations farther. But it was time now to have assistance, and he applied himself to a famous Parisian detective, who had a very high reputation for tact, energy and zeal.

M. Orchamp was so sanguine by nature and had carried so many difficult enterprises to a successful issue, that it was a very bad sign indeed, Captain Vane knew, when he shook his head, and darkly insinuated that he had no hope.

"If you had come to me in the first instance," he said, "I might have done something; but as the case stands at present, I should be no better than a robber if I allowed you to engage me. Supposing anything new should turn up, come to me again; but I have my reputation to think of, and cannot afford to undertake a case that is certain to break down."

"It is not necessary people should know you were mixed up in it, surely?"

"It can't be helped," answered the great man, modestly. "Directly I am engaged in an affair, it is certain to get wind. If you had come to me earlier, and given me a chance of doing myself justice, it would have been different; but as it is, I must decline to undertake the case."

As Monsieur Orchamp rigidly adhered to his denial, there was nothing more to be said, and Captain Vane left the office, more hopeless than ever.

As a last forlorn expedient, he carried his investigations into the environs of Paris, although he believed that Wild Will would hardly have taken refuge where the presence of an Englishman would excite a good deal of curiosity and attention, and thereby lead to his detection.

But he could not bear to be doing nothing, and urged himself to these expeditions as a resource against the hopeless weariness that was beginning to steal over him.

One evening, as dusk was drawing on, he found himself in a quiet little village just outside the barriers, where the atmosphere was almost oppressive from the perfume of roses, in which all the cottages seemed to be buried.

Beyond these, standing back a little way from the road, was an old chateau, considerably dilapidated, but still inhabited, to judge from the light that flickered now and then at one of the windows.

Captain Vane, being worn out with fatigue, sat down on the bank opposite, and his eyes wandered that way with a persistence and eagerness strange and unaccountable, even to himself.

A child passed presently, driving some geese home from the common, and Captain Vane stopped her to ask who lived in the old chateau, pointing it out.

"Only a very, very, very old woman," answered Nanette, shaking her head with vivacious surprise at the question. "How could it signify to monsieur?"

"Monsieur was curious, that was all."

"Then Nanette would tell him all about the chateau. It belonged to the devil, and the very, very, very old woman, who had lived among heretics so long that she had forgotten how to pray to the Holy Virgin, rented it of him."

Here Nanette crossed herself devoutly, and looked very grave.

"Every one said it was haunted, but she wasn't afraid, not she! The beautiful White Lady wouldn't harm her, as long as she did what was right."

"Certainly not," said Captain Vane. "But who is the beautiful White Lady?"

Nanette laughed a little at his ignorance.

"Why, she's a ghost!"

"Then I expect she is one of the devil's tenants, as well as the very, very, very old woman?"

Nanette did not know—nobody knew, in fact; but plenty had seen her, at any rate.

"Have you, then?"

"No," said Nanette, "because I never go out without my charm; and when I am passing the chateau I always whisper an 'Ave'—very fast. The good father says I shall never see ghosts if I keep to that."

She turned as she spoke with a timid, involuntary glance toward the old building, which looked like a black blot on the twilight sky; and there, within fifty yards, standing at one of the ruined, diamantled windows, was a tall, white figure, with its despairing, pathetic face turned blankly away from them toward the dusky red glow of the setting sun.

Nanette gave a wild cry, and took to her heels, shrieking an "Ave" as she went, leaving the geese to follow at their leisure, if they felt so inclined.

Captain Vane was conscious of an odd thrill as he rose to his feet. But he was a brave man, and not inclined to be frightened by shadows. Whatever this phenomenon might be, he resolved to investigate it fully.

The figure remained perfectly motionless until he had approached several yards nearer, and then it wavered, seemed to hesitate, and finally disappeared suddenly from sight.

But not before he had seen that this thing—woman or wraith—had the beautiful features of Winifred de Lacy.

He would go her road now, even if it led him to the grave!

CHAPTER XII.

HOW TO KEEP A SECRET.

Captain Vane made direct for the point where he had seen the figure, and carefully examined the spot, but without any satisfactory result. There was no door here, and the window was not within reach; only the straight, black, outer wall, with here and there a dingy trail of ivy softening its rugged outline, rewarded his eager scrutiny.

But he was not to be daunted.

Turning the corner, he came to a door presently, and opened it cautiously.

In days gone by, the chateau had boasted a lordly court-yard, but it had been so injured in the great Revolution, that only a portion of the building remained standing, and beyond this a wild, dismantled ruin, where the birds congregated, and startled the night with their hideous cries.

A great white owl flew away as Captain Vane passed, fanning him with its wings, and uttering its shrill, weird note; and, in spite of himself, he shivered.

But it was a mere involuntary, nervous movement, of which he was not ashamed, for he was still sure that his courage would carry him through, whatever there might be before him.

He was wondering in what direction he should commence his investigations, when he saw the faint reflection of a light in one of the lower windows belonging to the habitable part of the chateau.

A few strides brought him to the spot, but a curtain was drawn across, shutting out his view of the interior; and as he was determined now he would see the very end of the adventure, he groped about for a door. He found one presently, almost buried in ivy, and, turning the lock, he gave it a push, and it yielded.

He found himself in a narrow passage, but a faint line of light guided him, and suddenly he presented himself before the unconscious occupant of the room.

This was an old woman, unmistakably French, with a keen, wrinkled face, and black, lead-like eyes. She wore a red bandana twisted round her head, and here and there a gray lock escaped from beneath it, and courted contrast with her brown skin.

She was knitting a pair of stockings, but hearing a step, she began to chide, tenderly, but volubly, in shrill French, without looking up.

"You will catch cold, my cherished, with your naughty imprudence. You live only to afflict your poor Manon, who loves you with such devotion that she gives her every thought to you."

Receiving no answer to her remonstrance, Manon turned in some surprise, and gave a startled cry when she perceived Captain Vane.

"My faith! and who are you?"

"An inquirer after the truth!" answered the young officer, sternly.

"You are English; one might have known that!" said Manon, disdainfully. "French people mind their own business!"

"And it is my own business that I am bent on now!"

"Indeed!"

A keen observer would have noticed through the careless ease of the old woman's manner a covert uneasiness; and though she went on with her knitting, her hands trembled ever so little, and her furtive glance travelled anxiously to the door.

These signs of trouble, faint and well-controlled as they were, did not escape Captain Vane's penetration, and he felt more than ever convinced that the figure he had seen was no wraith, but a woman whose presence here was artfully concealed by the current fiction Nanette had innocently retailed.

But old Manon looked as if she could guard her secret well, and Captain Vane had not much hope of surprising her into an indiscretion.

Looking straight at the old woman, he said, abruptly, "I saw a lady in white standing at one of the ruined windows yonder just now."

"Did you?" replied Manon, tranquilly, speaking English herself now, and speaking it well. "It must have been the ghost."

"If you thought that, you wouldn't sit here so quietly."

"Why not?"

"Because French women are naturally timid and superstitious."

"But I have lived so many years in your country, you see, that I have caught the reflection of some of your virtues. That is why I am no longer superstitious, monsieur, or fearful that the White Lady will injure a poor, simple old body like me, who never wittingly injured a living soul."

She rested her knitting on her lap as she finished speaking, crossed her arms, and gave him back his searching glance, defiantly.

Assuredly, Manon was a stout antagonist, and would dispute the ground inch by inch, even if it tottered under her.

Captain Vane would have given up the contest, feeling that he had no real right to insist upon a solution of the mystery, only that the White Lady's face bore such a strange, startling resemblance to Winifred's, that had he not had so many proofs that she was dead, he must have believed that she was living, and here.

For this reason, he could not leave the matter unexplained, lest he should be tortured later with a sense that it might have been Winifred after all, although reason and common sense both told him that this was impossible.

Therefore, he stood his ground, showing, by his manner, a certain determination that evidently staggered Manon, who moved impatiently in her seat.

"Well," she said, at last, "when are you going?"

"Directly you tell me the truth."

"Bah!" answered the old woman, in a contemptuous tone; "it is only a tradition. The ignorant country-folks believe in the White Lady; but not you, or even me. If I troubled myself about all their stories, I should have enough to do."

"Then the person who disappeared close here, about ten minutes ago, is some lady who shelters herself behind this fiction for security's sake?"

"If it were so, would that be your affair?"

"Yes, and no. The face I saw resembled one I loved very dearly once."

"But which you have ceased to love now?"

"Nay; the memory of her dead is more to me than any living loveliness."

Old Manon, who had not forgotten her own youth, was touched by this confession. Her eyes glistened as she answered—

"You must try and forget; it will be better. All your longing cannot bring her back again."

"True; and yet I have no desire to forget."

"You are of the constant ones, I perceive."

"Of necessity. This love was woven into my very life by the hand of Fate."

"Let the stitches drop, and the whole fabric will unweave itself," she said, with a latent smile in her cool eyes. "That will save you a deal of suffering."

"Perhaps; but it is in some few hearts to be faithful even to a memory."

"Very few, then. Heaven be praised! We waste our affections when we leave them with the dead."

"Or rather we ennoble them."

She shook her head again and again, her long gold earrings swaying backward and forward like the pendulum of a clock.

"The principle is sublime, but the practice is absurd. I tell you, monsieur, you will do well to forget. Seek consolation elsewhere, and it will come to you; and good-night."

"You will tell me nothing, then?"

"I have nothing to tell you, monsieur."

"You have admitted that the lady who took refuge here just now was no ghost."

"Pardon me, monsieur, I admitted nothing. I simply expressed my firm conviction that there were no such things as ghosts, without reference to what you fancied you saw to-night."

"Then you will swear that no one occupies the old chateau besides yourself!"

"Good gracious! why should I swear at all?" answered the old woman, with well assumed indifference; "it cannot be my affair."

"It is certainly your affair if you help to deceive and intimidate your neighbors."

"Are you one of my neighbors, then?"

"No."

"Why not leave them to speak for themselves, then? I shall have my answer ready when they come."

"You are not aware that you might be punished for this deception, perhaps?"

"I am not aware that I am doing anything else but my duty," she answered, with a certain dignity that imposed upon him, in spite of himself; "the rest I leave to Providence."

Captain Vane began to be ashamed of the part he was playing, and also to recognize its utter futility.

Manon had some of the stuff in her of which heroines are made, and would guard her secret with her very life.

For that she had a secret, he was more than ever convinced.

Small as the room was, there were things scattered about that showed a refinement and cultivation that must needs be above her ken. An easel in one corner, with the colors still wet; some delicate embroidery, a few books, and even a fan of sandal wood, he fancied he knew again.

He had sent Winifred such an one from India, and the very perfume was familiar, as well as the workmanship. He longed to take it in his hand and examine it more closely, but old Manon's keen, bright eye was upon him, and noticing his abstraction, she coolly swept the articles on the table into a heap, and said, "This is my supper-hour, monsieur, and I am not accustomed to company; allow me to light you out."

He hardly knew how it had come to pass, for she used no force, but in another minute he found himself outside the door, which was fastened quickly in his face; and Manon's laugh, bright, and crisp, and clear, sparkled along the passage as she went to prepare her salad, and lay the cloth for her frugal meal.

Captain Vane felt, as he stood within the shadow of the old ruins, that he could almost turn thief for the sake of possessing the fan he had seen within, so sure was he that it was the very one he had given to Winifred in the happy days gone by.

But recognizing his powerlessness, and being faint and exhausted by this time, he left the old chateau behind him, and walked to the village cabaret, where he ordered wine and meat.

One room was full of men playing dominoes, and regaling themselves with glasses of syrup, or absinthe, according to their inclination or means; but although the stake was but a sou each, they talked and gesticulated so vehemently, you might have fancied that thousands of pounds, at least, hung on the chances of the game.

Captain Vane drew back with his foot on the threshold.

"Haven't you any other place?" he said, to the swarthy, bright-eyed little woman who acted as his guide; "they seem very noisy here, and I am tired."

"It is only their way," she answered, shrugging her shoulders, and laughing; "but if you are fatigued, it is a different thing. There is madame's room, only there is one gentleman—"

"One is better than twenty."

"True. Come this way."

She opened the door of a very sunny little retreat, with a table in the centre, at which a young man was seated, with some cold fowl and a bottle of wine before him.

He turned as Captain Vane entered, and then sprang to his feet, with a joyful exclamation, and held out both his hands.

"Why, Vane, old fellow! what the deuce brought you here?"

"I might as well ask that question, too."

"Not at all. I am supposed to be a wanderer, having no home, no friends; but you, as a newly-married man—"

Captain Vane stopped him with a groan.

"Oh, Chester! haven't you heard?"

"I have heard nothing. Good Heavens! I am afraid I have said something very cruel."

And, frightened by the pallor of Captain Vane's face, he poured out a glass of wine, hurriedly, and held it to his lips.

Captain Vane drank it down at a draught, and then he looked up into his friend's face, with very dim eyes.

"I forgot that you had been out of England so long. The lady I was to have married, is dead."

"Dead!" echoed Major Chester, compassionately. "I can never forgive myself for my inadvertence."

"Nay, Chester, you could not help it! I will tell you the whole story when I have taken something. I have never had the heart to speak of it before, but I think it would help me to confide in you. Besides, you are a citizen of the world, and out of your greater experience might give me a useful hint."

"I'll do what I can, old friend," answered Major Chester, cordially. "Come to the table at once, and the fowl will serve us both. I will ring for another bottle of wine."

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 3.)

THE HEIR OF GLENDALE;

OR, THE

Jewel with the Serpent Setting.

BY FRANK CARROLL,

AUTHOR OF "JOHN PARSMORE'S PLOT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE HERMITAGE VISITED.

Meanwhile certain inquiries were being instituted by other parties in another quarter. The spy on Mrs. Thornton's house had duly reported progress to his employers, detailing the story of the carriage ride of Will Graham and Mrs. Thornton, and his ineffectual attempts to find where they had gone.

They had been about three hours absent, had driven up to the lady's house on their return, letting her out, and thence to the stable. He was sure that the parcel taken out with them was not returned, as he had seen Will Graham enter his house empty-handed, on his return from the stable.

Any action upon this information was, for the time, hindered by the effort to arrest the fugitive, under the information of Henry Ogden. That ended, as we are aware, in disappointment. The bird had flown, the cage in which they expected to find him quietly ensconced was empty.

"It is plain sailing now, Tom Wayland," said Hiram, who had taken this matter also in hand. "A ride, in which the lady goes to the gentleman's house to enter the carriage, is a very suspicious incident. A parcel taken out and not brought back is another significant circumstance. My notion is that they have met Merivale somewhere by appointment, and have taken him a disguise."

"I think there's no doubt of that," replied Tom. "And what's next?"

"That's the question. You see they may have stopped at some public house, or they may have met him on the road. Our first business is to try and settle this point. If we can locate him we will have a point to start from."

"The only way to do that, then, is to make inquiries along the different roads."

"Exactly. Thompson's light carriage and roan horse are well known at every tavern within five miles of the city. If they stopped at any place it will be apt to be known."

"Then we must be on the track at once, while the scent keeps fresh. The sick dodge was a good one for Merivale, but that's played—and you can bet he's got some new plan afoot."

"Just so, and it is plain enough what it is. I have found out that he has been given to masquerading, and private theatricals, and that he is very good at taking a character, and never overdoes it. That's his plan now. He is playing on us, and it's our business to get behind the scenes."

"He's just as sharp as a steel-trap, Hiram. And it's my notion, that he is not going to be picked up without giving us a good chase."

"I'm with you in that. There's some honor in tracking a man like this, that is as full of doubles and twists as a fox. We

had better try the up-town roads first. The carriage was driven up street, and this Mr. Graham is not sharp enough to play a double on us. You take Broad street, and I'll take the Ridge. If nothing turns up between we'll come together on the Wissahickon.

"All right. Think the Wissahickon is the point?"

"It looks like it, from the time they were gone."

This programme was duly carried out. Hiram made full inquiries at all the taverns on the Ridge Road, but no one had seen the carriage. Tom made the same unsuccessful investigation along the line of Broad street, and the country roads leading thence to the place of rendezvous. The ostlers all knew Thompson's roan, but no one had seen it night before last.

The two scouts came together on the line of Wissahickon creek without having discovered anything.

"I'm afraid that they have met on the open road and not made any stoppage," said Tom.

"Not so," replied Hiram. "They have stopped somewhere, and that is what I am bound to find out."

"What makes you think so?"

"If they had engaged to meet him on the road, a place would have been fixed somewhere near the city, and they would not have been three hours away. Will Graham is fond of horse flesh, and the pair were often out on a drive together. This was their route, too. Now it is likely they had some usual stopping-place—and it's my notion that that's the place where they've met; I've got my fancy fixed on the Hermitage."

"Well put, Hiram. You're never very far wrong. Let's go for the Hermitage."

At the latter place a short series of questions brought out the whole fact of the stoppage of the carriage, and of the incidents connected with it.

Mr. Graham and his lady friend had stopped in the hotel and taken refreshments, they said, while the horse was being attended to. They had afterward walked down the road, out of sight from the house. Had been away about ten minutes.

"Did they return together?" asked Tom.

"Yes, and he placed the lady in the carriage at once."

"He did not get in himself then?"

"No. He had dropped his driving glove down the road, and went back after it."

"Did he take anything with him from the carriage?"

"Not as I noticed. I wasn't paying much attention to him."

"They drove off as soon as he came back?"

"Yes."

"About what time was that?"

"Just about ten."

"And he arrived here at half-past nine?"

"That, or something sooner."

"That will do, my friend. Excuse me for troubling you," said Tom, as he took Hiram by the arm and they walked away together.

"Well, Hi—how is it? Did that fellow tell the truth?"

"Yes. He told all he knew about it."

"The Hermitage is the spot, then?"

They must have driven pretty smart between here and the stable, coming and going. They had no time to stop anywhere else. We have nailed the spot. Now we have got to try and nail the man."

"What is your plan for the next move?"

"Merivale got that bundle, and a disguise in it. He has been a masquerader and they are apt to put on odd rigs. Now it is most likely that he's got them to bring him one of his old masquerade suits. We've got to ask around if any stranger has been seen about here in any sort of unusual dress."

"That is just the idea that struck me. Shall we begin here?"

"No. We've asked questions enough at the Hermitage. They might guess our object, and put Will Graham on his guard in case he should be out here again. That man knows Merivale's hiding-places, and we've got to be delicate in handling him."

"Very true. The day's young yet. Let us go for the trail."

"It was ten o'clock at night when this business came off. Merivale had likely tramped out here from the city, after dark, and must have been well tired out. He has very likely taken lodging for the night at some public-house within a mile or two of here. He first put on his disguise, though, and either hid his clothes, or took them with him in a bundle. I think our game is clear, Tom. You strike up the creek, and off by the old mill over toward Germantown. I will go below, and try the Falls, and the places to the west."

They were each provided with a light, one-horse carriage, and made good time in their investigation. They were a long time, however, in finding any trace of the fugitive.

At length, in an obscure inn, well off toward Chestnut Hill, Tom learned that a doubtful-looking stranger had passed the night. He was dressed in a well-worn sailor-rig, was burnt brown as a mulatto, and bore a bundle under his arm, said bundle being about the size necessary to contain a suit of clothes.

He had left after an early breakfast in the morning, taking his bundle with him.

Other parties in the neighborhood had noticed the same man that morning. He had followed a road leading east, and had been seen by the inmates of several houses on this road.

Before proceeding further in this inquiry, Tom drove back to a place of meeting appointed between himself and Hiram. This was in Germantown, and he found the latter already there. Hiram had had no luck in his investigation, and at once accepted Tom's discovery as a probably correct one. Characters like the one in question would not be apt to spend their time wandering around this locality, and and very likely the sailor was their man.

They at once drove back to the place mentioned, Hiram leaving his carriage in Germantown and taking a seat with Tom.

The trail was clear for a considerable distance up the road on which he had been seen. Many of the people at the scattered houses along this road had observed him.

Further on the houses grew much more widely separated, and the trail seemed to be lost for a considerable distance.

No one whom they asked had noticed him, and they began to fear that he had given them the slip by taking a branch road, or crossing the fields to some other highway.

At this point of doubt, however, a man who was working in a field by the roadside declared that he had seen a strange sailor, following the road they were on, with a bundle under his arm, about nine o'clock the previous morning.

They were on the trail again, and proceeded onward more rapidly and confidently. The traces now of the fugitive became very scattered, but they were able by close inquiry to keep on his track, some person being found, at the end of every interval of doubt, who had seen him.

The way still bent easterly, and was rapidly approaching the Delaware. Finally they came out near the river, at a considerable distance above the city.

A single glance at the locality showed them both that they were in the neighborhood of Glendale. Their horse was a little fagged by his long drive, and they put him up at the hotel stables here, while they continued their investigation on foot.

The sailor had been observed about here by a number of people. He had apparently wandered aimlessly around Glendale and to the north of it.

His actions seemed those of one who had no other object in view than to kill time. This seemed proved by the fact of his having taken the twelve o'clock train to the city. It appeared as if he had been simply waiting for the cars. But, as Hiram remarked, it was rather thin to suppose that a man would walk from Chestnut Hill over here, just to take the cars, when he had a railroad there at his elbow.

"What brought him here then?" asked Tom.

"That which has brought many a man before to his destruction, and will bring him into limbo yet, if he has escaped us this time."

"I see your point," replied Tom. "There's a woman in the case. That Miss Dubois, with whom he is said to be in love?"

"Exactly. That's the head of the nail, and you've hit it square. Our game is played here for the day, but it is getting to be very plain sailing."

"What is your idea?"

"Just to keep our eyes on the candle and we're sure to catch the moth."

"Watch the lass and catch the lad. That's my notion too."

"Do you know Tom, that I would rather not arrest him just yet. Of course there's my duty as an officer, and all that to consider. And then the reward is an inducement. But I don't think the ends of justice would be served by laying our hands on this man now. I believe he had no more to do with the murder than I had. But that wouldn't help him if he was tried at present, after his escape from the court. I want to get stronger evidence than my own belief before I nab him."

"But if he gives himself right into your hands?"

"My hands would have to close on him."

"I think you are putting too fine a point on this affair altogether. It is our business to capture him, and none of our business what the court does. And we are not going to work as hard as we have done, and after all lose the reward."

"It's the money you are after, Tom Wayland," said Hiram, turning away with a look of disgust. "Do you forget that there's a man's life at stake here, as well as a paltry handful of dollars?"

"I know this much. It is none of our affair to play fast and loose, and plan all these delicate arrangements to keep a felon out of our hands till we feel inclined to lay hold of him."

"Go on then. Arrest him, if you can I give that part of it into your hands. I will not have his blood on my hands if he is innocently condemned."

"When did you get up this tender conscience, Hiram? I have known you when you were not quite so squeamish."

"I have no conscience in dealing with one of your brutal rogues, such as we have generally to do with. Can you not see, Tom, that this is a man of a different stamp? And that girl that he is in love with—I would not do anything to hurt her for ten times the reward."

"Aha! my boy. Is it there the wind lies? I thought your eyes were taken with that bit of girlhood. Come, Hiram, man, this sort of thing is played out. We are officers of the law, and are expected to do our duty to the utmost without minding what comes after."

"We are detectives, too, whose business it is to ferret out crime and trace it to its right source. Any lout of an officer can watch a man, and nab him if he comes under his nose. But it ain't every one that can manage a delicate job like this we've got in hand. No matter though, Tom. You shall have your way. I will have the girl watched. But there is no hurry. Merivale will not be back here for several days."

"Then our sport is up for to-day, and we can get back to the city."

"Not exactly. I have another little bit of work on hand. We will let our horses rest an hour longer, and in the meantime I want to take a two-miles walk up the river."

"And two miles back is four. Four miles on foot, and not knowing what for, is heavy work for Tom Wayland."

"Come ahead then, and I'll reel it off as we travel. What is a four-miles tramp anyhow, to a fellow with your legs and muscles? Look at me now, and then hold your tongue."

"You! All bone and sinew, and could walk down a horse. I've got weight to carry."

"And the stuff to carry it with," said Hiram, laughing, as he stepped out with a free, swinging pace that took some exertion on the part of his companion to keep step with.

"Well, let it out then. Where are we going?"

"On a boat hunt. You recollect that I told you of my drinking bout with Mr. Bill Bristol, and what he let out. The old house of the Hearty boat club is just above here, and I want to take a squint at it."

"The old house?"

"Yes. They've got a spot nearer the city now. Ogden took this house off their hands, and kept his boats there still, after he left the club. You see, Tom, he always sported a boat or two of his own, and as he couldn't be head devil at the club he seceded, kept the old house for his own boats, and the club built themselves a place nearer the city."

"Where did you learn all this?"

"I have been following up Bristol's stories, out of school, with some questions in other quarters. But the point I want most to reach is one that I have not touched yet. I am after the figure-head, Tom."

"Precisely. I see your point. But you are not calculating to find the boat here? I doubt if it is above water."

"If it is it has lost its head. There may be a clue left, though, that we can work on. Some of the hairs out of that mysterious head."

"If we find them we'll pull them hard to see where they are fastened. Pull them till somebody squeals."

"Just so, Tom. And it strikes me that is the place just ahead."

They had followed a road leading a short distance from the river, with occasional cottages and villas on the terraced banks of the stream. The latter ran on in full view, a broad, level, brilliant surface, in striking contrast with the emerald verdure of its banks.

For the last mile they had passed through a space uninvaded, as yet, by the row of mansions which occupied so much of the river front. There lay before them an uncultivated spot, that sloped down to a sandy margin, washed by the rippling waters, and was covered with long verdure, luxuriant for that October day. Here there stood a low, stone boat-house, shingled, and half covered by climbing vines.

In front of it, sunning himself in the warm afternoon rays, half reclined an individual, who looked the embodiment of the water rat.

Grizzled, sunburnt, covered with a tarpaulin that was half umbrella, dressed in the full attire of a waterman, with one leg of his pantaloons down, the other thrust into his boot-top, his whole aspect was that of the man who is born in a boat and cradled on the river billows. He had nothing of the salty air of the genuine ocean sailor.

Unceremoniously seating himself beside this individual, while his friend stood at a distance busily whittling a stick, Hiram glided easily into conversation, asking a host of questions, with an air of the densest ignorance, about the fisheries, the depth of the channel, the limit of tide-water, the force of the current, &c., which the waterman seemed pleased with the opportunity to answer.

From this he glided into more immediate matters. They had run out by the railroad on a holiday trip, he said, and strolled around till they were sort of tired. He would not take it amiss their stopping there to rest?

"Sartainly not," was the reply; "you kin hang here a week, an' you won't hurt my feelin's."

"What's this shanty got up for?"

"In what part of the world were you kicked up, anyhow? I'll go a catfish now the feller couldn't tell a tiller from a bowsprit. This is a boat-house, man, a place to keep boats in. D'ye understand?"

"Well, I guess so," drawled out Hiram. "Do you run it?"

"I'm boss contractor and ship's carpenter for the concern. What I don't know about a boat ain't worth knowing."

"I don't know much, then. What do you keep here? Fishing-boats and sich?"

"Do I look like a feller that's going to waste my valuable time looking up herrin' dugouts? There's more difference 'twixt boats, man, than there is atween Chiny sassers and tin plates."

"So I've heard, but can't say that I've seen the differ."

"Salt me down for a mackerel if I don't show you what a boat is. Then you kin tell your Philadelfy cronies that you've had your eddication finished."

He started up in some excitement, and unlocked the door of the boat-house. On the platform inside lay several handsome boats, some of them of that arrowy shape which looks as if, under the impulse of the oars, it would shoot through the water like the shaft from the bow.

Others were arranged for a number of rowers, but had the sharp cutwater, clean run and general high finish of the racer. They had evidently been built not only for pleasure, but for speed as well.

One only was intended for sailing. It was a very handsome craft, and finished in the highest style of the art. Hiram grew ecstatic over his admiration of this boat, to the disgust of the waterman, who appeared to look on the neglect of the racing craft as a direct insult.

Tom, seeing this feeling, expanded in admiration of the latter, and soon brought back their guide to a better humor.

"The Alert," said Hiram, reading and mispronouncing the name. "Whose boat is it?"

"What? the skiff?"

"The Alert here I mean."

"She belongs to Mr. Ogden, who lives on old Ogden's place; that was killed, you know, down the river here."

"Ogden? Why, I used to know him in the city. He owns it, hey? These ones too?"

"No. He's high on boats. Keeps two or three at his place."

"Took them away from here?"

"No. Had them built since he got rich."

"You been here long?"

"Only since the Hearty club give it up."

"The Hearty, hey? I know some of them fellows."

"Oh, puff! You're blowin' now."

"Not a bit. I know that Mr. Ogden used to be captain. And I know Bill Bristol was one of them."

"That's so. How came you to know Bill? He's not the sort for sich as you."

"There's queer mice come together in a big hole, my friend. Bristol kept me posted on the Hearty club. I know he had a boat built for himself, and sold it to Ogden. The Speedy, I think he called it."

"That's so, sure as thunder! I've seed her. That was when Harry Ogden run this place hisself, and kept the keys. Afore he got rich. A pretty, clean-cut skiff she was, and no mistake."

"What's come of her?"

"That's more than I know. Hain't seed her since I come here. I know she ain't at the place."

"A queer sort of figure-head Bristol told me she had."

"Bristol told you a blasted lie, then. Her bow, when I seed her last, was clean as a whistle."

"How long was that before the murder of Mr. Ogden?"

"About two weeks, as near as I'm guessin' now."

This was all the information the man could or would give them. He laughed to scorn the idea of a figure-head, and would go his own head it was a lie.

Hiram hardly knew what to make of this person. He was evidently in earnest in his denial. Yet he could not be ignorant of the connection of a boat with a peculiar figure-head with the murder.

He was either a confederate of Ogden's, and much deeper than he appeared, or else they were mistaken in the whole matter. Tom had left them during the latter part of this conversation, and made some independent inquiries in the neighborhood, but with similar ill luck. The Speedy had been seen by many, and was a perfectly unadorned boat.

Thoroughly nonplussed, the two detectives sought their carriages, and returned to the city.

CHAPTER XXII.

A FIGHT AND A DANCE.

We must return to The Shades, where we left two of our characters in a state of intense exasperation with each other.

Sol was doubly angered by being called by his real name by Black Jem, instead of by his assumed title of Blake.

"Blast yer long tongue!" he cried. "If you calls me out of my name agin I'll flatten that face handle of yours as flat as a three-cent piece."

"Yer will, hey!" yelled Jem, throwing himself into a pugnacious attitude. "Yer wants a little of that gravy on yer meat, hey? I'm yer oyster. Come and open me, if yer think it's in your boots."

"Hang you for a blasted cheat! I've laid better men out by the dozen. Drop them mud hooks, now, my crony, or I'll go through your bacon in three winks of a cat's tail."

"I'm yer hoss! Square yerself. Blow's cheap, but you daresent tackle. I allers took ye for a durned sneak. Ye's got ter fight now, or ye's got ter up anchor and git."

But Sol had no thought of "gitting." He, too, assumed a pugnacious attitude, and made a pass at Jem, which barely missed the prominent nasal organ of that individual.

By this time the whole room was in confusion. The loud word-sparring had attracted attention, and the carousers, abandoning their tables, were crowding around the new centre of attraction.

Joe Roper sprang up, and staggered—for he was by this time very tipsy—between the combatants, catching half-way a blow that was intended for Sol's countenance.

"Belay all that, shipmates!" he cried. "Can't ye take a social glass and play a quiet game, without kicking up such a nor'easter as this? Durn my toplights, if I don't lay the pair of you out, if you can't take a reef in your tongues, and keep your yard-arms from swingin'."

This intervention separated the combatants, who stood glowering at each other over the burly form of the interloper. The latter hung with a hand on the shoulder of each, swaying back and forth, but attempting to display the deep gravity of a drunken peace-maker.

"Get out of that, Joe Roper," cried one of the surrounding crowd. "Let them fight it out. We'll form a ring and show fair play."

"You'll form a ring, will you?" asked Joe, severely. "You're full up and busting over with fight, are you, my crony? If that's all ye want, mebbe you kin be 'commodated. Just squat yerself, my boy, and I'll play a tattoo on your ugly face with as neat a bunch of fives as yer ever seen."

"Hallo!" cried the other. "I didn't know that it was my entry. Joe Roper wants to swing himself, does he! He wants some of the tar scraped off of his eye-lids. Faith then, Joe, my honey, you've picked up the wrong lad this time. Just stand back, boys, while I polish down our tarry friend."

"I'll take two dozen of your size, one down and t'other on. Yer on your muscle, are you? Want to be chawed up, I guess. Square yerself now, till I polish the conceit out of you."

"Git out, Joe!" cried Jem. "Who give you lieve to take our set-to in your hands? Git out, I tell yer!" And he gave Joe a shove that sent him staggering backward, with a very undignified gait, till he found himself suddenly seated in the chair from which he had risen.

And now the two main combatants stood glaring vengeance upon each other, with glowering, wary looks, clenched fists, and feet advanced into position for sparring.

The others involuntarily formed a ring around them, and waited with impatience for the opening of the fierce combat that seemed impending.

The strange sailor, who called himself Bill Brace, had retained his seat unmoved throughout this controversy. He had started and manifested some slight emotion on hearing Sol's name spoken, but this was only momentary, and had been hidden by a quick change of position on his chair.

He now sat in apparent indifference, idly fingering his glass, which he had just emptied—on the floor, and looking nonchalantly at the two furious opponents, who, if fierce looks and loud words were missiles, would have been *hors de combat* already.

But looks don't bring the blood, and blows do, and they seemed rather chary about indulging in the latter, or were manœuvring for some advantage in the onset.

This state of suspense grew aggravating to the lookers-on, who indulged in numerous uncomplimentary remarks.

"One's afeard and t'other daresent."

"Haul yer wind, Jem, you're in a hurrycane."

"Dig in, Sol, he can't eat you."

"Fetch in supper, landlord, I guess we've a night afore us."

These and various similar remarks had no more effect on Sol than so much water on a duck's back. He stood unmoved, heedless of the mob, but warily eyeing his antagonist. He seemed, indeed, slightly sobered by the excitement.

Jem, on the contrary, was excited by the sneers of the crowd surrounding. He changed his position nervously once or twice, as if in hopes of gaining advantage, and finally let fly with his right-hand straight at Sol's proboscis.

This onset had a most unexpected result. The blow of Black Jem was turned aside by a rapid movement of Sol's left arm, and the next instant he lay at full length on the floor, from a quick, hard blow dealt by his antagonist's right.

"That's your sort, gossip," cried Sol, in delight. "There's a bit of Tom Hyar in that touch. Anybody else want a bit of polishing, while I'm in practice."

But Jem was not polished quite to his satisfaction yet. The liquor he had imbibed had rendered him rather top-heavy, and aided the readiness of his fall. In an instant he was on his feet again, and rushing with the ferocity of a maddened bull at his antagonist, who stood coolly awaiting him.

But another element of interference was in operation that prevented the terrific results threatening from this onset.

Although we have taken some time in the description of this Homeric battle, but a minute or two had really elapsed, and the efforts of the landlord to reach the scene of battle, frustrated as they were by the thronging mob, were only at this instant successful.

The host, a burly, determined man, broke like a catapult through the thick ring of lookers-on, and grasping Jem by the collar, flung him fiercely back.

He stood in the midst of the ring sternly confronting Sol, whose steady eye quailed not before his glance.

"Devil take you, Dusky," roared the landlord. "Did you ever spend a night here without getting up a row? Black Jem and you are worse than thunder and lightning in a man's house. You might pound yourselves to jelly for all I'd care if it wasn't for the law. But you can't fight here."

Bill Brace had again manifested interest on hearing the man he had heard addressed as Mr. Blake now given the epithet of Dusky. A smile of satisfaction passed over his face, though scarcely visible under his bushy beard and mustache. But the next instant he resumed his apparent unconcern.

Dusky Sol looked heedfully round the room a moment before speaking.

"How is it, fellers?" he then asked. "All on the square here? Any scouts around?"

The parties present looked keenly at each other, several of them at length fixing their eyes on Bill Brace, as the only stranger present.

He rose, for the first time, from his chair, and stood carelessly confronting them, his eyes meeting theirs without flinching.

"What port do you hail from, stranger?" asked the man who had been so ready to fight Joe Roper.

The latter had again risen, and stood unsteadily supporting himself by the table.

"From Hong Kong, blast yer eyes, and Frisco last. Bill Brace's a full-blooded gentleman, a tip-top sailor, and a friend of mine. I've knowed him since he were knee-high to a grasshopper, and taught him how to splice a rope aboard the prime old whaler, Sally Ann. If there's one of you can hold a candle to Bill on a yard-arm, in a gale, I'll give in to be weaned from whisky on pickled mackerel."

Brace listened to this narration with a smile of acquiescence. He knew that Roper was just tipsy enough to believe this tale of his own invention, and judged it best to accept the standing in the company which it would give him.

"That's the truth, clear grit, Joe," he said. "And kicked me to my hammock many a night when I was monkeying with the boys in the fo'castle."

This short colloquy appeared to satisfy the questioners, especially as Joe flung his hand across the table, and grasped that of Brace with all the heartiness of old friendship.

"You're square, my lad. I see it on your mug," said the questioner. "The coast's clear, Mr. Blake."

"You're a gentleman, Mr. Thompson, and one as knows how to use a man's name. I don't wear Dusky, nor Sol, on my pocket handkercher now, and the first feller as calls me out of my name agin, I'll paint his upper lip red, or spile a-trying."

"I'll back you, my hearty," said Brace, slapping him on the back. "We've all got to sail under false bunting now and then, and I've showed more than one name on my figure-head. I've got a say in this fight, for I was Jem's pardner. Now this is my say, and I'll have it out in two words—"

"Hold your palaver about fighting," cried the host, interrupting him. "We've got enough spitfires here now without your stepping in, Jack Brace, if that's your name."

"Bill Brace, at your service."

"Bill or Jack, I don't care a fig which. If there's any more fighting to be did I'm boss, and here's a fist which some which I know of don't like the weight of. Give me your hand there, Black Jem."

Jem rather reluctantly obeyed.

"I want yours now, Blake."

"Here it is," said Sol, taking the landlord's hand with a hearty grasp.

With a quick motion he forced the two combatants to join hands, and shook them himself heartily, for fear there would not be much animation in their hand-shaking, if left to themselves.

"That's the ticket. Both better friends than ever again. I'll stand treat, lads. Flock up to the bar. We'll toast the peace-maker, and you'll have to drink my health in doing it. See here, boys, I've got a first-class fiddle here, and the lad's on hand that knows how to fetch music out of catgut. Don't shake your head, man, we'll clear the middle of the floor and have a straight four. Come, wet your whistle. What will you have?"

For a few minutes nothing was heard but a rattling of glasses and gurgling of liquids, as the various members of the party crowded to the bar to enjoy the landlord's treat.

Then the sharp, musical twang of fiddle strings was heard, as Sol, in a professional manner, tested the strings of the instrument handed him.

"It's got the right ring," he said, drawing the bow nimbly across it, while his eyes danced with all the delight of the true musician, when touching an instrument worthy his skill.

"I haven't fingered the strings or drawed the bow for a month," he continued. "I don't keer if I do give you a couple of tunes. Just to keep my elbow grease from spiling."

The landlord had, by this time, formed an impromptu throne, by placing a chair on a table at one end of the room.

On this Sol mounted, fixed his violin in place, and poured out its dulcet strains with a skill that set all their eyes dancing.

Black Jem had kept a surly front ever since their quarrel, refusing to accept the peace-offering of their host, and glowering sternly on every movement of Sol's.

But as the skilful fingers of the musician brought out the rich strength of the instrument, the soothing effect of music penetrated even to his soul. His face relaxed and grew into a smile. His feet tapped the floor uneasily. A moment more and he was on his feet, flinging those heavy continuations in a regular break-down jig.

"I'm for a straight four!" he cried. "Step in lively, lads, and make it up."

Joe Roper and two others sprang into line with him. Sol struck up a suitable tune, and the next minute they were dancing away for dear life, making the floor shake with their boisterous movements.

Others, of like irrepressible temperament, joined in the dance, and for awhile the room seemed full of bobbing heads and clattering feet.

Sol did not play long, however. He suddenly ended the dance by leaping from his improvised seat, continuing to play as he walked to the bar.

"There's your fiddle," he said, "and it's not a bad bit of wood. But I've got to be making tracks. We'll make a night of it soon, if the wind blows right. I've got other biz now."

"I'm with you, Blake," said Roper. "Come, Bill, are you going out?"

"Yes," said Brace. "I'm agreeable to anything in reason."

He concealed a certain satisfaction which he felt at this arrangement. They walked together for several squares, busily conversing. Joe at length left them, Brace continuing on with Sol. Reaching the corner of Ninth and Vine, Sol asked his companion:

"Which way now?"

"Up Ninth."

"And I'm out the Ridge. Glad ter know you, Brace. See you agin at The Shades."

With a shake of the hands they parted. But instead of proceeding up Ninth, Brace started up the Ridge after the fiddler, though too far behind to be seen by him.

This pursuit continued till he had fairly housed his game, when, carefully noting the house, he turned away, and proceeded toward his own lodgings.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A VISIT TO GLENDALE.

But we must return to Marie. Her interview with her lover had greatly excited her, and aroused her from the sense of depression into which she had been allowing herself to fall.

His confidence in his own ability, both to escape arrest and to discover the facts of which he was in search, and her own experience of the completeness of his disguise, were well calculated to give her hope. This hope, by a natural reaction from her former state of feeling, became almost assurance, and she found herself building confidently on his final safety.

Such a change of sentiment made itself apparent in her appearance and actions. Mrs. Hamilton was agreeably surprised to find her pale and saddened friend growing almost rosy under the influence of this inner feeling, and displaying a gayety of manner much like her own self, but which she had not shown since her visit here.

This lady did not share Marie's hopes. She looked at the matter from a more dispassionate point of view, considered the keen research of the police agents, and the recklessness of those who are too confident in themselves, and the often proved truth that disaster is often nearest when safety seems most assured.

She did not, however, mention these thoughts of hers to Marie, being only too glad to see the new cheerfulness of her young friend, and hoping that her own apprehensions of evil might prove ill-founded.

Marie, despite her faith in her lover, had one source of uneasiness. She was beginning to lose faith in herself. She had undertaken, with such warmth of hope and desire, to play a false part with Henry Ogden, had concealed her natural feelings toward him, and exposed herself to many interviews that to her were exceedingly unpleasant; and all to no effect, she had discovered literally nothing.

To one of her ardent temperament, and strong desire to do something in aid of her lover, this result was mortifying.

She felt that she had managed her mission with some skill, but began to fear that she had been, perhaps, too careful, and had too much avoided the subjects which she desired to approach, for fear of arousing distrust in his mind.

This deprecatory feeling was scarcely called for by the facts. In dealing with a shrewd, suspicious man like this, particularly after her first rejection of his advances, and his knowledge of her sentiment toward the accused, it was necessary to be very circumspect, and to win his confidence first, before making any approach to the subjects that were uppermost in her mind.

The thought, too, that she was acting a treacherous part was rather disquieting to her. But she felt that her motives were of the most worthy character, and her fancy, which had grown almost into a belief, of the guilt of this man, gave her renewed strength to proceed in the task she had chosen.

Had not her lover suffered, was he not now a fugitive, forced to assume a degrading disguise, might he not be exposed to yet greater danger, and was it for her to allow anything, even a sense of honor and truthfulness, to prevent her serving him to the utmost of her ability?

She knew that a single fact learned might unfold the whole dark web of mystery that surrounded this dreadful case, and this fact it possibly might be hers to discover.

She had been in the habit of making frequent visits to the lawyer who had undertaken her lover's case. Mr. Blackstone had become fully convinced of the innocence of his client. He was interested, too, in the mysterious aspect of the case, and followed up every new point in its unfoldment with the fullest zest.

He was in the confidence of Hiram Long, and was kept thoroughly posted in the results of all that individual's researches. This information was given on promise of secrecy, and with the object that he might work it up into the case.

But he had grown so strongly interested in his fair visitor, and pitied so fully her distress at the position of her lover, that he could not help giving her, from time to time, points calculated to assure her that all was going well, and that only time was requisite to secure the fullest evidence in favor of Mr. Merivale.

This information was given on promise of the most profound secrecy, and as he had reason to believe that this promise had been faithfully kept, he became still more communicative.

Thus it was that he came to tell Marie of the fact that her lover's disguise had been penetrated, thinking that Mr. Merivale would again attempt to visit her, and that she would be able to put him on his guard.

Mr. Blackstone was anxious that his client should not be re-arrested just yet. A renewed trial in the present unsatisfactory condition of the evidence, and the adverse feeling to the fugitive produced by his flight, might prove fatal. He was unable to warn Merivale of his danger, and chose this as the only available measure he could think of.

He warned her also, that her movements would probably be watched, and that it would be necessary for her to be very circumspect.

He told her besides of the great importance of discovering the secret in relation to the figure-head of the boat, and of the unsuccessful effort of the detectives in this direction.

Marie returned home with a divided feeling; fear of her lover's danger, hope of saving him, and a new possibility of aiding in gaining evidence in his favor, alternately affecting her mind.

The next afternoon she went over to Glendale, for the purpose of talking over some personal matters with Mrs. Montague. She had kept up a certain degree of intimacy with this lady, and had, on several occasions, visited her.

On leaving the house, after this interview, she was accosted by Mr. Ogden, who stood smoking in the front porch. Throwing away his cigar he accompanied her to the gate, which opened into the road running by.

She was not averse to this conversation, as she was constantly in hopes that some remark might be dropped, in a careless moment, which would yield her the clue which she so earnestly desired.

A long gravelled walk led from the porch to the gate, winding round a flower-bed that fronted the house, and overshadowed by some noble trees which had grown to majestic height since the building of the old mansion.

"You do not know how pleased I am to see you again at Glendale," he said. "I have always deplored what you considered the necessity of your leaving it, and never could see how you perceived any lack of propriety in your remaining."

"Because you looked at the matter with a man's eyes," she replied, smiling. "We women have ourselves to consider, as well as the masculine gender—and you do not know what inexorable judges we are on questions of propriety."

"Do you think it advisable to yield to so prejudiced a view of the social relations?"

"It is advisable to yield a great deal where reputation may be at stake," she replied. "Suppose we do call it prejudice; that does not prevent very unpleasant results from swimming across the current of public opinion."

"What a monster that public opinion is, always working mischief for good, honest souls, who are too innocent of evil to heed what the world may think."

"Is not Glendale beautiful at this season?" she replied, abruptly changing the subject, which she feared might grow too personal. "Mrs. Montague keeps her

flowers in excellent condition; and the trees are just beginning to put on the autumnal bloom. There is no more beautiful contrast than that of the crimson and gold of the maples with the deep emerald of the trees behind them. See yonder, where the sun lights them up so gloriously!"

"Very pretty indeed," he remarked, turning and carelessly eyeing the scene which she had praised with possibly more enthusiasm than she felt. "Glendale is a neat establishment at any time of the year, and from any point of view. At least that is the opinion I have taken, and I imagine it is yours too."

"I have very pleasant memories connected with it," she replied, hesitatingly: "And some very unpleasant ones as well. You can scarce conceive what a shock the death of my poor guardian was to me. Such a horrible end, for a man of such integrity and kindness of heart."

"Dreadful indeed," he answered, a shudder running through his frame as he spoke. "I can never think of it calmly, Miss Dubois, and always avoid the subject."

"I shall never forget that night," she rejoined, looking earnestly into his face. "Was it the soul of a man, or the spirit of a fiend, that broke into this peaceful habitation, armed with murder and all its horrible attendants? Had you heard that one fearful cry, that yell of agony that made the night itself tremble with dismay, you would have felt the blood curdling in your veins as it did in mine, and in those of all within hearing."

His lips trembled and grew pale as she proceeded. He turned his eyes away from her intense gaze and fixed them gloomily on the ground. There was a look upon his face as if he felt the sensation she described, and heard at that moment an echo of the death-cry ringing in his ears.

There was silence for a moment after she paused. It was broken by her companion, who abruptly said—

"That may seem a pleasant matter for you to dilate on, Miss Dubois, but I cannot say that it is to my taste. Is there no more cheerful subject of conversation that we could get up?"

"There is no avoiding the disagreeable in this life, Mr. Ogden. We cannot shut our eyes on misery and imagine that all the world is happy. However you view it, I cannot drive that horrible scene from my mind's eye. It haunts me yet, despite the time that has elapsed."

He ground his teeth as she spoke, while something very like an oath came in an undertone from his lips. He was evidently struggling with an overmastering feeling.

"My poor uncle is dead," he said, with some effort. "I cannot wish him back nor talk him back. I prefer neither to talk nor think of the matter, and I fancy you would find it more agreeable to yourself to clear your mind of all such memories."

"We cannot drive memory away. It will return with tenfold force. You were not present, Mr. Ogden, and it is easy for you to talk with such philosophy. Had you stood where we did, a knot of shivering, terrified women, dismayed by a cry that seemed sufficient to rouse a city from midnight slumbers; had you entered with us the room, where your poor uncle lay weltering in his blood; I fear your philosophy would have deserted you, and the sight have made you as great a coward as any of us, gazing with fearful eyes on the work of a fiend."

"Woman!" he cried, with an irrepressible burst of impatience, his features working with strong emotion. "When will you have done with this? Excuse my rudeness," he continued, with an effort at repression, "but the death of my uncle is a subject which I cannot bear to think of, much less to talk about. Here is something that may be more agreeable. What do you think of the improvements I have made?"

He turned and pointed back to the front of the house.

She perceived that some change had been made in the cornices and in the front of the porch. He had evidently had a carpenter at work, modernizing the somewhat antique aspect of the mansion.

"I do not quite like the change," she replied, critically examining it. "It may be an improvement according to modern ideas, but it detracts from that antique air which formed one of the attractions of Glendale to me."

"It was too old fashioned, to my taste," he replied. "Of course I had not your associations with it, and these form a very material feature of our likes and dislikes. Now I think the carpenter has made a decided change for the better."

"And I don't," she answered, decidedly. "Who did it? Mr. Green? I ask you, as I believe he did all your uncle's repairing."

"Yes. He is a pretty good hand, and has made quite a neat job of it. I will have to follow my uncle's example, and give him what work I may need done."

There was a slight hesitation in his tone that did not escape her observant ears.

After a few more words she excused herself, on the plea of business, and left him.

Some short distance down the road she met Louis returning toward the house. After greeting him, she carelessly remarked:

"I see you have been making some changes, Louis."

"Yes, miss, we have had a carpenter at work. A very neat hand too. I never saw a better, and he has made a splendid job."

"Not Mr. Green, then?"

"No, indeed, Old Green could not touch work like that."

"Do you know the man?"

"No, miss."

"Can you find out for me?"

"I will try."

"Do, Louis, and be careful to keep this a secret."

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 32.)

☞ A Columbus (Ga.) hen has a nest high up in a tree, and she sits, and sits, and every day or two an egg drops overboard, so to speak. It is predicted that her family will not "pan out" well.

☞ A Brooklyn girl has applied to Wise for passage in his balloon, and the professor declares himself willing to take her if she will wear a full hoop-skirt, so that she may be safely dropped out if it becomes necessary to communicate with the land anywhere between here and Europe.

☞ At one of the principal hotels at Long Branch during the past summer there was a lady so careful of her complexion, which is said to be remarkable in many respects, that she never left her room during the day, and had all her meals brought to her. She remained in a darkened room all day long, gloomy and desolate, fearing that the sun, shining through, might freckle her face or turn it to a healthy brown. Every night she came out radiantly beautiful, the gaslight giving a glow to her cheek and a sparkle to her eye. She moved grandly about among the crowds in the corridors, in the parlors, and on the piazza for half an hour, and then went to her room and stayed there for another twenty-four hours.

A GEORGIA TRAGEDY.

BY WALLACE PUTNAM REED.

"So, you will not go with me?"

"Your invitation comes too late, Mr. Ramsay."

"I see how it is. You prefer Henry Chatham. The lawyer before the planter, always."

Miss Julia Walton drew herself up with an air of rather contemptuous indifference. Although she was only seventeen, and Mr. Ramsay at least ten years her senior, she knew that the vantage-ground was hers, and, woman-like, she determined then and there to perfect her title.

"I do not understand you, sir," she replied, "my preference has nothing whatever to do with the fishing party to-morrow. Mr. Chatham did not take it for granted that I would go with him. He was sufficiently interested in the matter to ask me several days ago. But I must really go in. Dine with us at the Spring to-morrow, Mr. Ramsay. We shall expect you."

"Good night," said Ramsay, sternly, as he walked away, without vouchsafing a reply to the invitation which, a week before, would have given him unutterable delight. The young planter banged the gate behind him, with a spiteful energy, and turned his face homeward. Not a handsome face by any means. Low-browed, and with small, snaky eyes twinkling out from a sallow countenance, surrounded by long, black hair and shaggy beard—altogether a most unwholesome-looking visage; and as far different from the classic face of Henry Chatham as night is from morning. So thought Miss Walton, and if any feminine jury had been polled, a similar verdict would doubtless have been rendered with the readiest unanimity. Some thought if the contrast between his rival and himself entered the mind of John Ramsay, as he took great strides along the red, dry road, in the direction of his plantation. Such reflections seldom have a softening influence, and when the planter entered his lonely house, his appearance was so gloomy and wrathful that Uncle Bob, the faithful colored factotum, who had attended three generations of Ramsays, precipitately betook himself to his little cabin, in the yard, where he utterly amazed a circle of woolly-headed listeners by mysteriously shaking his white head, and groaning lugubriously at intervals, until Morpheus descended upon him and captured him in his chair. Bob's master did not sleep much that night. He was thinking, and thinking to some purpose, as the events narrated in the latter part of this story will abundantly prove.

The fishing party went to the lake, as a pretty little pond near Cornville was called, at an early hour on the day following the conversation between Miss Walton and her disappointed lover. The weather was well suited to the occasion, and the display of angling accoutrements was enough to frighten even the boldest of piscatorial old stagers. But, as is usual at fishing parties, there was but little real angling done, and before the dinner hour arrived, as many as a dozen couples might have been seen comfortably ensconced in little bowery nooks, where they could see without being too plainly visible themselves. It is almost needless to say that Henry Chatham and Julia Walton formed a very exclusive and secluded couple. Indeed, few of their companions knew of their whereabouts, and an occasional question in reference to their disappearance caused a certain sallow face to turn almost green with indignation and jealousy. Ramsay was with the party. Why he had come, however, was a mystery to all save himself. The entire morning passed away, and not a word did he exchange with the fair Julia and her handsome escort. But he watched the young lovers with the eye of a hawk. Angered, at last, by something that he overheard as he sauntered in a spying fashion through the bushes, he turned abruptly and looked for his horse. The animal was securely tethered at no great distance from him, and seemed anxious enough to be gone. His master approached him with the evident intention of mounting, when Chatham came running up in a state of almost breathless good-humor.

"Hold on, Ramsay," he cried. "Miss Walton expects you to dine with us. You are not going home now?"

Ramsay's first impulse was to make a rude reply, but acting on a sudden thought, he turned away from his horse, and answered his rival in something like a gracious manner. The two young men made their way together to the place where Miss Walton was standing, with several young friends who had just found her, and the planter at once threw himself into the gay conversation of the little circle, with an animation altogether foreign to his nature. In a few minutes the dinner-baskets made their appearance, and Ramsay in a short time grew quite hilarious over certain suspicious-looking bottles, which he patronized to a somewhat remarkable extent.

The dinner ended Ramsay's connection with the fishing party. He vanished in some mysterious way before any one was aware of it. Julia was in high spirits.

"I am *so* glad, Henry, that you and John Ramsay seem to be such good friends," she said to her lover, when he made some remark about that gentleman's absence.

"Good friends! Well, I don't know. Ramsay was unusually cordial to-day, but we are not enemies by any means."

Julia then gave Mr. Chatham some very vague cautions about Ramsay, and her lover immediately forgot all about it, as sanguine young men will do when they have a pretty girl in dangerous proximity to them. The party dispersed, and the various couples went their several ways, with light baskets and lighter hearts. But old Colonel Walton, Julia's father, would not hear of Chatham's departure before supper; a hearty Georgia supper, none of your shams, but something worthy of the name. Of course our hero remained, and so difficult was it for him to get away from the old colonel, who had brought up an exciting question for discussion, that it was fully eleven o'clock when he bade his entertainers good-night.

Colonel Walton's mansion was fully a mile beyond the limits of Cornville, where Henry Chatham's law office and lodgings were situated, but the walk was a pleasant one, and, on this particular night, the moon bathed everything in a tide of splendor. The young man walked with a light, springy step, and with some haste, for, late as it was, he had writing that had to be attended to before his head touched a pillow. Not a sound stirred the midnight air. All nature seemed asleep.

Bang!

Uncle Bob slowly picked himself up and wondered how in the world he happened to tumble out of his chair. Then his eyes opened in puzzled astonishment.

"De Lor' bev mussy!" he cried, "Dat Marse John's gun, fur shure. What he doing dis time o' night?"

A quick step was heard in the yard. Uncle Bob opened the door.

"You, Marse John, what for you shoot dat gun?"

"Curse your black hide!" replied his master, "I didn't shoot. Some fellow down the road shot at a dog. Go to bed and stay there. And mind your own business."

Uncle Bob again closed his cabin door, but his face wore a disturbed look. Had he not seen the gun in Ramsay's hand? Why should his master lie about so trifling a matter? The sound of horse's feet were heard, and a man's coarse voice shouted—

"Help! Murder! Help!"

John Ramsay rushed out of the house, entirely dressed, and Uncle Bob made his appearance at about the same instant.

"What is the matter?" inquired the planter, as he recognized one of his neighbors.

"Matter enough," replied the horseman. "There's a dead man down here in the road—Henry Chatham, if I'm not mistaken, and we had better get the body home."

Ramsay uttered an exclamation of horror, and would have asked a number of questions, but the man was impatient, and Uncle Bob already had a horse and cart harnessed up. All three immediately proceeded down the road, in the direction of the Walton place, and in a few moments were in the presence of the mangled corpse of Henry Chatham. The men said but little as they accompanied their burden to Cornville. John Ramsay abruptly excused himself, in fact refused to remain in Chatham's lodgings, and sped homeward as fast as his horse would carry him. Uncle Bob remained in the village. He had business on hand.

Daylight came. Little knots of people collected in the streets. There was evidently great, but suppressed excitement. Uncle Bob and Mr. Johnson, the man who first discovered the body, were interviewed by a justice of the peace. A few little bits of powder-burned paper were handed about, and, at half-past six o'clock that same morning, a number of citizens rode up to the door of Ramsay's house and called him out.

"What do you want?" said Ramsay, with a very white face.

His visitors gave no very definite reply. They seized him, rummaged his pockets, dragged out a newspaper from which a piece had been torn off, and then, with shouts of triumph, showed to each other how certain bits of burnt wadding fitted exactly. And Uncle Bob produced his master's shot-gun, with one barrel discharged, and the other wadded with that same familiar paper. Then John Ramsay's face grew still whiter. He begged to be taken to jail. But his captors thought differently. He was bound, hand and foot, and driven in Uncle Bob's cart to a lonely grove on the plantation, attended by his self-constituted judges. Completely unmanned, the wretch confessed his guilt, and begged for mercy. They gave him very little time, for his executioners were business men, and their presence was needed in Cornville. The majesty of Lynch law was vindicated in a very few minutes, and Uncle Bob was left to cut down the corpse.

Julia Walton heard of her lover's murder, and of the swift retribution that followed, just as she was sitting down to a late breakfast. Here it is proper to stop. The reader's imagination will supply what my pen refuses to describe. It is enough to say that Henry Chatham's sweetheart, for a long time, hovered between life and death. But life won the victory, and it may be that Julia will yet love and be loved under happier auspices. Such things have occurred.

HOW HE WON HER.

BY IDA ROLAND.

"I trust, Mr. Tracy, you understand from what I have said, that your acquaintance with my daughter must cease."

"I understand, Mr. Holborn;" and the speaker moved to the door, but paused as his hand touched the silver knob, and turned to look once more at the occupants of the room from which he had been banished, and which seemed like paradise to him, for it contained the girl he loved.

For a moment there was a silence, broken only by the ticking of the gilded clock on the mantel, that seemed to John Tracy's wounded spirit to be mocking him with its cheerful sound. He meant to take but one glance, but an irresistible power seemed to chain him to the spot, while his gaze took in the surroundings as if to brand the picture forever upon his memory. The firelight flickered and flashed over the velvet carpet and costly furniture, and lingered lovingly on the form of a girl standing at a distant window, gazing out upon the night. Had she heard what had been said? Did she care that he had humbled his proud spirit before her purse-proud father and haughty sister, only to be scorned and repulsed?

Her heart, he knew, he possessed; but was she brave enough to cling to him still? How these questions presented themselves to his mind in that brief moment, and filled his heart with doubtings.

Bell Holborn, the eldest daughter and acknowledged beauty in society, sat by the centre-table, lazily resting her head on the back of her easy chair, enjoying the *scene*, as she called it, as something quite absurd, and curled her lips at the humble suitor at the door, who had been so nobly pleading his cause; still no movement from the figure at the window, and with an indignant look at the man who had blighted his hopes for the future, he turned to depart.

"John!" The clear voice rang through the room and reached his ears. He stepped back, and saw Katherine Holborn coming toward him with outstretched hands, and a look in her eyes he could not mistake. As he took both her hands in a firm, tender clasp she turned to her father who stood quite speechless with astonishment and said—

"Will you please state your objections to Mr. Tracy again, I did not quite understand."

"Kate, you forget yourself," said Bell, warningly.

"I think," said Kate, with an indignant tone to her voice, "that father has forgotten what was due him as a gentleman. It was *worse* than ungentlemanly, it was *cruel*, for him to wrench his secret from him, and then repulse him as he has."

"Katherine, I am astonished that you should so far forget your position as to act in this manner. I have told John Tracy, and I think he understands, that this affair has progressed far enough. Were his poverty and connections not in the way, his seeking your hand in the way he has would be enough to condemn him."

"How about Mr. Arnold, who is seeking Bell's in the same manner?"

"That is altogether a different matter."

"I should think so. The *idea* of comparing him to Mr. Arnold!" sneered Bell.

"I was wrong there, I acknowledge," said Katherine. "There *is* no comparison," her bright eyes resting on her lover, who was thinking that she was never lovelier or dearer than at this moment.

Mr. Holborn's cold voice broke the silence. "There is no use in prolonging this interview. I have told you, Katherine, that it is impossible. Some day you will thank me for saving you from such a fate. You have been reared in luxury, and little imagine what the life of a poor man's wife must be."

"I am not afraid."

"You speak like a romantic school-girl. Remember that your father is one of the richest men in the west, and you are—"

"The most miserable girl in the whole city," she cried, impetuously.

"Mr. Holborn," said John Tracy, speaking slowly and with a great effort, "I am an honorable man, I hope, and will never resort to anything underhanded. I will not ask your daughter to disobey you and go with me to St. Louis where I have procured a situation; because in doing so, I might blight her happiness forever. She has, as you say, no idea of poverty. Believe me, I never wish to teach her; for I well know how hard it is to bear, even by those who have known it all their lives. I had hoped, knowing that she loved me, to ask her to wait for me a little while, till I could place her where she could be happy. But it seems that even this is denied me. I will leave her, not because I am afraid of your threats, or ashamed of my poverty; but because I love her. *Katherine!*"

Oh! the world of love and regret in that word as he uttered it. Then an earnest clasp of the hand and a look that was in itself a caress, and he was gone. Carrying in his heart the whispered words that made music in his soul, "I *will* wait for you, John."

On the doorstep he met Charlie Arnold, who had free access to the room from which he had been banished forever. What was this man that he was thus favored? Was he truer-hearted? Ah! he could tell of chapters in the history of that man's life, young as he was, that one would shudder to hear. And yet—the door flew open as he approached, and fair hands welcomed him. He was a *millionaire*.

As John Tracy paced his floor that night, his brain was in a tumult and his heart full of agony. How powerless he was before that man, who he felt was his inferior in everything but wealth. Powerless, because of his poverty, and what was more bitter yet, because his father—Hush! did his lips utter a reproach! Let the dead man's deeds be forgotten. All his faults and failings that had wrecked the happiness of the family, were not to be mentioned now. *He* had mentioned it though. The disgrace still clung to him. Must this come up after all these years had passed, and ruin his life? He had not forgotten her last words. They made him for a time almost triumphant; but as he thought how long their separation might be, unchecked by a single word, his heart failed him.

Five years before, John Tracy entered the counting-room of Mr. Holborn as under clerk. He had been faithful and trustworthy, and soon rose to a better position. It is probable that all would have been well, if he had not fallen in love with Katherine. It was the old, old story, and this was the end. Nothing was left for him now, but to seek his new situation. He found his new duties much harder than those he had left, and perhaps this was well, for it kept his mind from his trouble. And if ever a sweet face came between him and his work, it was only to cheer him on, and stimulate him to greater effort. As for Katherine, although the parting had taken nearly all the brightness from her life, no one knew what it cost her. A close observer might have noticed that she was a little more thoughtful; but her father congratulated himself that she had forgotten him.

Thus the long, hard months passed by. He at his desk every day, bravely doing his best. She in the whirl of society, while her heart longed for a little quiet. Each trusting the other so perfectly, that although no word was exchanged, they felt that each was true.

At last he was sent back to Chicago on business which took him several days. It was during his stay that the great fire broke out, the thrilling details of which will be remembered by all. He made his escape from his hotel into the crowded streets, and tried to make his way to that part of the city in which the Holborns lived. Amid all this peril there was one he must save, even if he lost his own life in the attempt. He reached the street at last, but the fire fiend was before him. The long row of elegant houses were one after another caught by those fiery tongues, and then—a crash, and all was lost. His quick eyes took in the scene in all its horrible grandeur, and found that the Holborn mansion still stood, but—yes, it was burning, and Katherine, was she safe?

Frantically he rushed through the crowd in front of the house, seeking for the girl. He found Bell and her father, who, in reply to his eager questions, only shook their heads and pointed to the house, as if grief had made them speechless. Some one in the crowd said that the young lady had gone back after something, and it was too late to save her.

In a moment he sprang forward, shaking off the hands that would have held him back. What did he care for the flames that separated them? He would save her yet, or else they would die together. Was that not better than living apart? Over the threshold, that he might never cross again, he sprang, and a cry went up from the crowd as he was lost from sight, "Two lives instead of one." How he reached the second-story he never knew. After it was all over, he had a faint recollection of fighting his way through the flames that threatened to devour him, and reaching the upper hall, scorched and faint, but not despairing. Then lifting his voice, he called once, twice, in quick succession. Then the answer came, and he found her. Catching her in his arms, he made his way back to the staircase, only to find the stairs had fallen.

"We can die together, John," she murmured, clinging to him, as she felt her strength slipping away.

"Let us make one more effort to live," he cried, and started for a side window. There, with the flames leaping and dancing about them, he shouted for a ladder. It was brought, and in a moment more the crowd that had looked on in breathless suspense, broke out into a shout for the brave man who had saved a life.

"Father, you will not refuse John now," said Katharine after they were in safety.

"No, I will not deny him what is already his. As for me, I am poor. The flames have taken all."

"And I," said John Tracy, his voice trembling with emotion, "have riches untold; for the flames gave me Katherine."

☞ A Detroit woman was consulting the police, the other day, to see if she had good grounds for a divorce suit. She alleges that her husband is drunk about twenty-seven days out of every month; that he cut her hair off while she slept; that he wakens her at daylight by throwing a pail of water over the bed; and that he puts hot potatoes in her hands, and then mashes them by squeezing her fingers. The police thought she didn't need any better grounds.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A western woman applied for a divorce on the ground that her husband refused to walk with her, because she was too short and could not keep step.

☞ The man who sang, "Oh, breathe no more that simple air," went into the smoking-car, where the air is more mixed.

☞ A postmistress has resigned her office, as a matter of honesty, because she cannot find time to read all the postal cards and attend to her other duties, too.

☞ A Troy woman says that if death really loves a shining mark, it is singular that he has not aimed at her husband's nose before this.

☞ It was an Augusta chap who, after coming to a railroad crossing the other day, and reading the sign, "Look out for the locomotive," climbed to the top, and gazing up the track, wanted to know "where'n thunder the old thing was."

☞ Several young fellows have broken off their engagements with fashionable *fiancées* this summer. They say that kissing a lady with an Elizabethan ruff on is about as much fun as embracing a circular saw in full motion.

☞ Theodore Hook once said to a man at whose table a publisher got very tipsy, "You appear to have emptied your wine cellar into your bookseller!"

☞ Describing a wedding the other day, a gentleman got off the following extraordinary sentence in regard to the bride: "In her bony face the twin roses of health and beauty shone." He probably meant to say "bonny," but—"the confounded printers!"

☞ The Cincinnati Commercial tells of a man of delicate organization who recently contracted a severe influenza from imprudently going down to breakfast without his watch-chain. He was homœopathically treated, and is now better.

☞ A western gentleman smokes a cigar while milking his cow, and the other night, absorbed in thought, he lowered his head, the lighted end of the cigar touched the cow's flank, and away the milker went across the alley, as though kicked by an army mule.

☞ A young husband calls his wife "Birdie," because, he says, she is always associated in his mind with a bill.

☞ In Cincinnati, recently, a little girl, eleven years old, attempted to commit suicide by throwing herself into a canal, but was rescued by a young man who witnessed the attempt. The child gave as a reason that her life was made unbearable by the brutal conduct of her mother.

☞ Ah Jan Fulin Fung and Lak Zud Qui Cam fought a duel in Arkansas last week, in which the latter was sent to the celestial region.

☞ The Shah brought to Europe a quantity of diamonds of a species only found in Persia, the peculiarity of which is that in high temperatures they exhale perfume.

☞ A young Texas man, who was kept on jury duty forty-eight hours, complained that he got seven letters from his wife, inquiring why he stayed away so long, and that he had a very affecting interview with his mother-in-law as soon as he was released.

☞ An out-spoken writer from one of the summer resorts says, "As a rule at public parties, the ugliest women wear the most diamonds."

☞ A Cleveland woman fell down dead the other day, and after her husband had been to an expense of $180, she came out of the trance and went to work.

☞ One church in Waterloo, N. Y., has thirty-three widows, and with true Waterloo spirit the men "die, but never surrender."

☞ It is related that a man in Fayette county, recently, while out gathering blackberries, heard a rattlesnake's peculiar note of warning, and looked around on all sides before discovering that he was standing with both feet on the reptile, but so close to its head that it could not bite him. He changed position immediately, but killed the snake.

☞ An Iowa bride pulled her husband's hair while going home from the sacred altar, and he walked straight to a lawyer.

☞ Industry isn't always rewarded. A Sing Sing convict worked eighteen months on a false key, and it was taken away from him the day he had it completed.

☞ A young lady whose "pa struck ile" a few years ago, and who has since been at boarding-school, recently returned, and a party was given for her benefit. Upon the bottom of her invitation cards she caused to be inscribed "R. S. V. P." and one was sent to an illiterate rich fellow, who has also made his money by boring. He did not come, but sent a card with the letters "D. S. C. C." Meeting him in the street, she asked him what the letters meant. "Tell me first what yours meant." "Oh, mine was French for 'Respond if you please.'" "Well, mine was English for 'Darned sorry I can't come.'"

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BY MAX ADELER.

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—Information from Japan recently received conveys the intelligence that the river Nisheynasagawa, in the province of Naha-no-Matamora, has suddenly dried up, leaving an empty bed. We consider it important to let our readers know of this fact so that there will be no misapprehension in case any of them go fishing or swimming in the said river. We can imagine nothing that would mortify a man more than to go swimming in the Nisheynasagawa for two or three hours under the impression that everything was right, and then, when he came out, to learn from somebody that the river was dried up. And a man who had fished all day in the stream only to find at the end that the water was gone, would, we should think, feel worse than an allopathic doctor does when a patient is rescued from the grave by homœopathic treatment. If you must bathe in the Nisheynasagawa, take a bucket of water in with you.

—We have always considered ourselves tolerably expert as a guesser of conundrums, and in our time we have successfully encountered some which were as tough as the conscience of a Congressional back-pay grabber. But here is one from *Appleton's Journal* which we have wrestled with in vain. Listen to this:

If monobromanthraquinone is obtained by the oxidation of tribomanthracene, what would result from the union of bihydrochlorate of bibromotetrachloronaphthaline with dilute dichlor- or dibromanthracene disulphuric acid?

How does that strike you for a pleasant little riddle with which to enliven the social circle on a winter's evening? Imagine a man coming into a room where an affectionate family sits amid comfort and peace and love, and propounding such a conundrum as that with the intent to afford entertainment for the grown people and instruction for the children! If we properly understand the functions of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, it has a duty to perform in the case of such a man. A conundrum of that kind affects a human being very much as blind-staggers affect a mule; and unless society is to suffer demoralization and civilization is to be considered a failure, the author of such a question will be led gently out and shot.

—It is pleasant to pay a visit to the house of a man who keeps two or three dogs. The dogs always fly at you in the most ferocious manner as soon as you enter the yard, and just as you have made up your mind that you are going to be torn limb from limb, the owner appears, and as you wipe the perspiration from your brow, he laughs, and says those dogs are "perfectly harmless, except when any one resists them." Then you sit down in the porch, and all three of the dogs sniff at your legs until you are afraid to move. If you can summon up courage enough to pat one on the head, the other two instantly put their forelegs on your lap, and cover your trousers with dirt, while each struggles to crowd the other off. After a bit the third dog tries to jump on your knee, and they threaten to have a fight about it, while you are afraid to encourage one for fear of making the other two mad. When they have pawed about six dollars worth of value out of your pantaloons and covered them with mud, the owner interferes and sends them all away. After tea your host excuses himself for half an hour, and you go out to sit upon the porch alone. Presently the three dogs come bounding up, and they all begin to smell you as earnestly as if they had never performed the operation before. Then they lie down; but as soon as you move your chair or your feet they spring suddenly up and appear to be deeply interested in considering you. You think you will take a walk in the garden, and the whole three follow close at your heels, while you are expecting every moment to have the calf of your leg bitten out. It is surprising how gingerly a man walks with three strange dogs close behind him. He wouldn't run or dance a hornpipe for a million dollars a minute, and found for the rest of his natural life. Directly the dogs engage in a fight over a bone, and you embrace the opportunity to hurry back of the house. Just as you break into a trot, you are surprised to find that the brutes have made up their quarrel and are leaping up at you and barking, half in fun and half in earnest. You slow up, and get back in the porch. When you put your hand on the front-door knob all three dogs stand around and utter ominous growls. Then they suddenly seem to be impressed with the idea that something is wrong, and they all begin to bark savagely, and to make dashes at you. The door is locked, and in alarm you climb up on the porch chair. This convinces the dogs that something absolutely must be wrong, and they begin in downright earnest to try to grab you by the leg. Just as the big yellow dog succeeds in getting hold of your boot and squeezing his teeth into your flesh, your host comes up, calls off the dogs, and is very much amused to find you so badly scared about "two or three unoffending animals that wouldn't hurt a child." Then you want to go home, and when you once get outside the gate you register a solemn vow never again to visit any man who has so poor an idea of the demands of hospitality as to keep a lot of beastly curs about his house to annoy and persecute his friends.

—A few years ago a new "opera house" was built in a city in the interior of Pennsylvania, and soon after its completion it was engaged by a theatrical company, which began its season with a representation of "Macbeth." They were a little short-handed, and the manager engaged a man named Stebbins to help behind the scenes. Among other things, Stebbins was instructed to rattle the thunder out of the sheet-iron concern made for the purpose; and he was told to produce the detonations only when the manager gave him the signal with his hand. That night, when the performance came off, Stebbins thundered along all right as the curtain went up, and during the witches' scene. But when Macbeth began his soliloquy, a fly lit on the manager's nose, and as he lifted his hand to brush it off, Stebbins mistook the movement for the preconcerted signal; and just as the warrior on the stage uttered the words, "Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair," the new man rolled out a most terrific clap, which made the audience jump in their seats. Macbeth took a private swear and repeated the line, "Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair;" but Stebbins, seeing the manager gesticulating wildly at him, imagined that more thunder was wanted after the word "hair," and so he shook out a fresh lot of awful reverberations; and as the manager still stood there shaking his fist at him, Stebbins thought perhaps the man was worried because there was not enough thunder, so he pounded and shook and rattled and jumped around with that artillery of heaven, until the perspiration rolled off of him in streams. When he stopped for a second to take a better hold, Macbeth would begin again, "Whose horrid image—"

Stebbins—"R-r-r-r-r-rip—bang—cr-r-r-rash—boom! boom! R-r-r-r-r-raitle-attle-attle—boom—boo-oo-oom!"

Macbeth—"Doth un—"

Stebbins—"Cr-r-r-rash-rash-rattle-attle—bim—bam—boom!"

"Macbeth—"Fix my—"

Stebbins—"Br-r-r-r-oo-oo-oom—bim—boom—de—bim—bam—boom—R-r-r-rip-bang—cr-r-r-rash!"

Macbeth—"Hair. Gentleman and—"

Stebbins—"Boom-oom-de-bim bam-boom."

Macbeth—"Ladies, there is an—"

Stebbins—"Boom-o-oom—crash!"

Macbeth—"Uproarious lunatic behind here, who wants—"

Stebbins—"Rattle-attle-attle-bim!"

Macbeth—"To be suppressed. Excuse me for a minute while I shake the—"

Stebbins—"Bim!"

Macbeth—"Everlasting liver out of him!"

Stebbins—"R-r-r-rumble-umble-boom-bim-boom?"

And while the audience roared, Macbeth disappeared—and in a minute returned wrestling with Stebbins. A frightful conflict ensued then and there on that blasted heath; and while Macbeth pommelled Stebbins with his claymore, Stebbins whanged Macbeth over the head with the thunder—and so the battle raged until one of the witches pulled Macbeth off, while "Banquo" lent the thunderer a rag with which to bind up his bleeding nose. The programme was changed next night, and Stebbins was discharged; but he will go into another and better world with a firm conviction that Macbeth was mad because there was not enough vim in the thunder, although Stebbins felt certain he did his best.

—The Piper family, living next door to us, were plunged into mourning a few weeks ago by the death of Mr. Piper, the head of the household. In consequence of this bereavement, young Henry Piper, who is taking music-lessons, felt that ordinary respect for his father required that he should permit the piano to remain closed. And so now, during the time he used to devote to practising, he goes over to Williamson's barn and fights roosters; or strays off to have a stone fight with the boys in the next street. Filial love that reaches beyond the grave in this manner is a holy thing.

—An advertisement in one of our daily papers, describes a lost animal as "a dark red cow with white spots on both hind legs, and a hack on one of her horns." Certainly this is a peculiar cow, a phenomenal cow; a cow that anyone would instantly recognize as the identical cow that was wanted. Why she had a hack upon one of her horns; why a hack was selected for the purpose instead of an omnibus or a falling-top buggy, we shall not inquire. The owner of course knows his own business best. But it does strike us as an odd freak to decorate a cow's horn with such a large and heavy and expensive vehicle when an ordinary wheelbarrow or a velocipede would look equally well.

—An exchange says:—

"Kean suited the meat he ate to the part he was about to play, and selected mutton for lovers, beef for murderers, and pork for tyrants."

We think he made a mistake in one particular. Veal is the proper meat for lovers; and if that cannot be procured we would recommend goose. Following up this theory of the fitness of certain meats for certain men, we may suggest jackass beef for Pennsylvania legislators, boiled owl for aldermen, hare for baldheaded people, robin for back-pay Congressmen, and pant-her for strong-minded woman.

—One of those remarkable health journals advances a little theory to explain why people cannot sleep. It says—

"It is because there is an accumulation, mainly of carbonic acid, that accumulation being favored and controlled by reflex action of the nervous system, which thus protects the organism from excessive oxidation, and allows the organism to manifest its normal functional activity throughout a succeeding rhythmic period."

We are not going to dispute the correctness of the doctrine here advanced; because we are compelled to admit that if anything would keep a man awake, having all those things the matter with him certainly would. But at the same time our own personal experience has not inclined us to repose perfect confidence in the above as the most efficient agent in preventing sleep. Take a man who has no accumulation of carbonic acid, whose nervous system has no reflex action to control anything, whose organism is not protected from excessive oxidation, and whose organism has no functional activity and no rhythmic period—take such a man we say, and put him to bed, and offer him money to go to sleep, and one healthy, well-trained, earnest and persevering tom-cat with a voice like a fog-whistle will keep him awake for a week. The Thomas cat is the great sleep dispeller of the century. We have heard him break in upon the solemn stillness of the night with a shriek which roused the normal functional activity of a whole brigade of sleepers, so that soap-cups and hair-brushes rained into the street until it looked as if a barber-shop had been wrecked there.

FARMER HOLMES (to his Irish cousin)—"This is a favorite spot for perch."
COUSIN—"Och! badad, that's what I was thinking, for divvle a one of 'em will come out."

FORGOTTEN.

Under the trees that afternoon,
Across the meadows and down the lane,
Sloped the sun to the west full soon,
Never a shadow nor cloud of pain:
Do you ever think of it now?

How fresh the breeze from off the sea,
Bending the bluebells before our feet,
Bearing perfume from hill to lea!
Oh, life, it seemed never so sweet:
Do you ever think of it now?

What did we say? I cannot tell—
True love is very silent sometimes;
But your words I remember well
When we parted there beneath the limes:
Do you ever think of them now?

Only a year ago to-day,
Yes, only a year ago; and yet
The golden light has passed away,
The summer sun has forever set:
Do you ever think of it now?

Dead is the past, and evermore
Dead is the love you whispered that day;
Dead, alas! are the hopes I bore;
Dead is my life; yet I only pray
That you may not think of it now.

A SON OF BELIAL.

BY SPHINX.

"Maurice Daringford, New York," was the last name and residence inscribed upon the books of the "Adirondack House," and the owner thereof ascended the steps to room No. 27, followed by a porter with a valise. At the head of the stair, a lady, in flowing muslin drapery, stood waiting to pass. He raised his hat, and stepped aside.

After he had fixed the porter, he asked, carelessly—

"Who is the lady?"

"Mrs. Richard Ruthven, massa," he said, touching his hat respectfully, and lingered a minute; but the gentleman failing to vouchsafe any further remark, the man quietly closed the door.

Later, Maurice Daringford sat reading the newspaper among a group of men; he had already exchanged the "Tribune" for the "Press" with Walter Gregory—and after a time, thrown down the latter and walked away.

A gentleman, who was sitting with his face on his hand, raised his eyes to the passing figure, tall and elegant in its proportions; and to the high, intellectual head; the hair was rather stiff, and cut rather too closely; and the front lock, that was firmly brushed from the part to the right side of the head, was dashed with white, though he could not have been over thirty. The nose was magnificent, straight, but with expanded nostrils, not curved particularly or constantly dilating, but always firmly projecting artistically near the mouth, giving him a look of military ardor, and commanding mien. His eyes were dark, clear, strong, handsome, and set deeply under the ordinary eyebrows and in the shadow of strong perceptives. The face was shaved cleanly, and a dark, expressive mustache partially concealed an ordinary mouth but elegantly cut chin. The contour a long, olive oval. His white vest and pants, black coat, and cassimere hat heavily craped were in keeping with the man. He yawned slightly as he passed Dr. Morand, and passed into the hall.

At the tea-table he sat between his afternoon acquaintance and the physician. Several had left when Mrs. Ruthven entered, and was seated by the waiter opposite these gentlemen. She bowed to Dr. Morand, and consulted the bill of fare. Daringford looked at her attentively. Her hair was a dark reddish brown, and so soft it reminded him of the plumage of chocolate-colored pigeons. Her throat and chin marvellously fair—the face a shade darker, but rather healthfully colorless. A very sober mouth, full and red; a forehead painfully sensitive in appearance to any one who knew the nature of the delicate tracery of the veins in the temples.

She laid down the bill of fare and looked at Maurice Daringford; he felt that a whole volume of mystery appeared out of the eyes; as to the color, he could not have told whether they were dark brown, hazel or gray—the expression was what held him steady in his glance. After apparently satisfying herself, she looked at Dr. Morand, who was about fifty, and with the eyes of an eagle, he saw her gaze and turned square around and regarded Maurice Daringford. The latter was quietly eating, with no apparent interest in anybody or anything. As Mrs. Ruthven left the room, though, he again raised his eyes and saw that she had made no change in her dress, save the addition of a graceful violet miranda vine in her hair, which was unfashionably low in the neck, and wound around a jet comb. He also observed that Dr. Morand quickly followed her.

When Maurice Daringford retired that night it was not to sleep, but to think over all he had learned of Mrs. Ruthven. She was a native of Rochester, had been married four years—unhappily, it seemed. Her husband was a man slightly known up in the Adirondack region, only in the fact that he spent little time in her society, and drank to excess. Morose and reticent, he was even more so when under the influence of drink. Gregory had told him that Ruthven passed the people in the hall in this condition every night, and that his wife would follow him calmly up the stairs—that he frequently turned and said before them all, "Don't trouble yourself—you *know* I do not want you;" and she would swiftly turn and seek the dark piazza, and there remain silent amid the gay throng. Daringford had also learned she was Dr. Morand's patient. He watched her incessantly enough for a physician, Maurice thought, as he fell asleep.

The next evening at sunset the band from a neighboring hotel was discoursing some unusually fine music, and the gay afternoon breeze bore upon it the Miserere from Trovatore. Mrs. Ruthven had just stepped out upon the porch, and the spasm of pain that contracted her face smote Dr. Morand's heart. She did not seem to see the people sitting there—she stood perfectly still, silently battling for self-control. There was a quiet face before them blankly white after the first shock—but the eyelids hid the painful eyes for a long time. Daringford had placed a chair near her, slightly turned from the gazing group. She sat down, and made some rather irrelevant remark to Dr. Morand about some amateur entertainment that was to take place at the hotel opposite that evening.

"Suppose we make up a party and go?" proposed Dr. Morand, cheerfully. "Here's Ruthven now—I'll ask him. Ah! Richard, what do you say to going over to the 'Saranac House' to-night—tableaux and things—music, recitations, etc., eh?"

"I wouldn't go for a hundred dollars, doctor!"

"H'm! We'll take your wife, and go without you, sir!"

"That will suit you, I presume?" said Ruthven, coolly, to his wife. "You used to go to the menagerie with Dr. Morand when you were a child, you know!"

"You want to make me out old enough to be her grandfather, don't you, Dick?" but inwardly he thought, "Yes; and I've seen greater brutes *outside* of the menagerie than I ever saw in it."

As Ruthven disappeared, the doctor turned:

"Mr. Daringford—Mrs. Ruthven," he said, abruptly. The latter brought her eyes back from hills and towering mountains, bowed, with a faint smile, in recognition of the brilliant face, with its courtly bend of the head. The conversation was general for a time; then they had supper, and the doctor, taking out his watch, said: "It's early yet. I'll take Daringford and Mrs. Ruthven over to see my farm first, and the rest of you can meet us on our way back."

Just as the three neared the farm-gate, a boy ran after the doctor.

"Excuse me a short time; a man has fallen from a barn. Just take this key and open the sitting-room door—I'll be back presently."

But they sat down on the steps in preference, she with a weary, half repressed sigh, he, with a matter-of fact removal of the hat; but he turned toward her, saying:

"How few have the courage to sigh outright! What do you suppose is the reason?"

"To avoid questioning, I presume."

"I seldom make personal questions," he returned. "Indeed, what need, when I have a face before me," he remarked, turning his fine eyes upon her responsively indignant color. She added nothing further to this, and they sat in perfect silence, viewing the country around them. At last a long-drawn wail of violin notes sounded from the drawing-room of the Saranac House.

"The doctor's very late; shall we go over, Mrs. Ruthven, without him?"

"No, no," she said, hurriedly, "I must wait for him."

"I don't think Mr. Ruthven would object if the doctor arrived later," he insinuated.

A bright, painful blush mounted to her forehead. "I was not thinking he would object," she began, then startled at so sad a betrayal, did not finish the sentence. The moon slowly and serenely sailed on the evening clouds above them, and the reflecting myriad leaves of the old farm trees were quivering at their feet. He looked at the sorrowful, drooping head—at this woman so unloved and so beautiful—at the same time so studiously faithful to the man who scarcely lingered in her presence farther than to answer a question. Within him there stirred a resolution to *make* her protest in *some* way against the cruelty; Maurice Daringford was no favorite in society, cynical and proud—he was admired and disliked. He evidently had no intention of marrying; but as to its being from some prior disappointment, rumor was undecided. He had no hesitancy however in occasioning suffering in the sex, against which he was so secretly embittered. An hour elapsed, and Mrs. Ruthven arose, saying she would return to the "Adirondack House." They had talked upon indifferent subjects, and Daringford arose with an apparent alacrity, signifying his disinclination to prolong the absent-minded conversation. But when they reached the main road, he offered his arm, saying, "Suppose we turn off here and join the doctor, he will be surprised at not finding us."

"I *should* like to see him to-night, as he leaves to-morrow early," she said, uneasily.

"Well, then it is decided; Mrs. Ruthven, are you the doctor's patient?"

"So he seems to consider me," she said, lightly.

"I was going to observe, that I never saw any one in apparently better health."

"You are right, I am very well this summer."

He checked the desire to discern the motives for Dr. Morand's evident anxiety on her account.

"Are you anything of a musician?" he said, abruptly.

"I used to be," she replied, with evident shrinking in her tone. "Mr. Daringford, let us return; the doctor is probably detained, and my husband will be looking for me."

Maurice thought she looked after the last utterance as if praying to be forgiven for the falsehood. They were passing the Saranac House again, and the entertainment was evidently over; two or three members of the stringed band were gathered at one end of the porch, when he, of the first violin, rapidly drew out several brilliant arpeggios, then brought out three sharp chords of the instrumentation of a funeral march, Chopin's, Maurice thought, as he was aware of the shudder which shook her from head to foot. The man yielding to a sudden mood, modulated almost immediately into "Robert toi que j'aime," and Daringford, as if forgetting her presence, took up the strain in a baritone sort of sotto voce, the words, "I love thee! I love thee!" when they saw the light of a cigar ahead of them.

"Richard!" said Mrs. Ruthven, with a sharp pain in her voice. He turned. "Are you going home?"

"No."

"Starting out to enjoy the night, sir, I suppose?" said Daringford's ringing tones.

"Am looking for Bently, he has my cigar-case."

"I may have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Ruthven home then?"

Her husband laughed indifferently, "As you please," he said, whistling at Bently, who was lounging near the pavilion, and the two men walked off together arm-in-arm.

When Daringford watched Mrs. Ruthven go up the stairs, he thought he saw her cling to the balustrade once or twice. It was near twelve when her husband returned, she was sitting near the window awaiting him.

"Richard, I wish to leave this place."

He looked at her carelessly. "What whim have you on hand *now?*"

"No whim—oh, Richard!—Richard! take me away from here!"

"That fool of a Morand has been prejudicing you again, I see!"

"He has said nothing. I may be foolish and can give no very especial reason—but I strongly desire to leave."

"Well—you *strongly* desire what you won't attain, madam. I'm not going to sacrifice my pleasure to *your* whims, let me tell you!"

Dr. Morand returned to New York; and the summer days passed differently away to the different people crowding the house. The boarders were commenting upon Mrs. Ruthven—she was rarely ever seen without Daringford—when she did not appear he would haunt the halls like an uneasy ghost. One evening when she had absented herself from the table for a longer time than usual—she stole down to the pavilion while all were at supper. The days were getting shorter, or supper was later, as it was quite dark. Wrapped in her Shetland shawl, she laid her head down on the back of a chair, and was reviewing the increasing desertion and ill temper of her husband, when she heard: "Mrs. Ruthven, you will take cold!"

She started up as if stung. Daringford stood with folded arms looking down at her. She stood upright—pride and repulsion in every lineament.

"You are not the only unhappy one!" he said, tenderly.

She burst into tears, but quickly gathered them under control, with one piercing, gasping sob, and moved toward the house.

"Here are Mr. and Mrs. Ruthven now!" said one of a group as they came up to the piazza. "Oh, no, it is—" and the pause could have been felt.

"I think the evenings are getting cooler," said Mrs. Ruthven, tremulously. There was no response whatever—and the heart-broken woman sought her room to seek strength against temptation, injustice, and the calumny, that, like a poison plant, was beginning to emit a subtle dangerous perfume that stole o'er her weary senses like the lethe of death. Daringford *saw, knew* that people were avoiding her, and still he never left her side or ceased to pursue her.

She remained up-stairs till the color was fast fading away—and one day in the golden September, when her husband was gone off on a fishing excursion—a stranger sent a telegram for Dr. Morand. When he reached there in the evening, he found Mrs. Ruthven in delirium, and no one sitting by the bed but the maid of the second story. His patient was unconsciously pouring into the greedy ears the history of her summer. "You *know* that I love my husband!" she would cry out. "Whatever you may say against it." Then it would be "Richard—Richard—take me home! My God, *Thou* knowest. *Thou* knowest—give me strength to bear all this!"

"Leave her to me for awhile," he said to the attendant. Then the strong man broke down utterly. "Eugénie—little girl, why did you not send for me before—say, little daughter! Ah, it's too late! too late! Such sensitive brains cannot battle down the world's cruelty!" he said, passing his hand over the blue-veined temples; "and the heart is simply broken—broken from neglect and starvation."

The night waned away, and naught was heard save the sick girl's pleading voice.

"Do not ask me if I love you. I *must not.* Oh, God! help me to remember *that.* I *must not!*"

"Honor and death with some are synonymous," said the doctor to himself.

Then it would be:

"Katy, do not tell me what people *say;* God knows *all*—I must not forget *that.*"

Early in the morning, when the feeble piping of the birds was faintly heard, Eugenie Ruthven (with her hand in his who had been a father and friend to her) passed the sentinel, Death, with the watchword, "*Thy* will, not *mine,*" as the Everlasting Gates closed behind her.

When Dr. Morand came by the groups of awe-stricken people in the hall, one stopped him with the words:

"It was congestion of the brain, then, doctor?"

"Done to death by slanderous tongues," he answered, curtly, with a sudden break in his voice.

On the second day a coffin was borne out of the long hall. Maurice Daringford could see the plate from where he was sitting, for a bright glinting of September sunlight irradiated the inscription:

EUGENIE RUTHVEN,
Born May 3d, 1850.
Died, September 18th, 1872.

SUBLIMITY.

Whatever ennobles the human character, and indicates superior energy of intellectual or moral qualities, is what we call mental or moral sublimity. The sublime of human character produces love of admiration, by a display of all the noble qualities of our nature; and there is considerable sublimity in gifts of the imagination, and the understanding, like those possessed by such poets as Milton,—by such philosophers as Newton—by such heroes as Napoleon. But when there is a constant exertion of mental vigor—an invariable display of elevation of mind—an habitual heroism evinced even amid the storms and agitations of the passions—where there is an heroic disregard of danger—a cool and firm presence of mind in difficulties and embarrassments—disinterested virtues—expanded benevolence—a strong sense of every generous feeling—a principal of virtue superior to the opinions of weak and corrupt men, and to the vile and inordinate propensities of our low and debased nature—then we discover all the virtues and qualities that form the utmost sublimity of human character.

☞ What penance a man will undergo for a pretty woman who cares nothing about him!

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

WE cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

MINNIE, (Woodbury, N. J.,) writes: I was very much pleased with your answer to my letter in reference to the teachers' examination of Philadelphia. I am now exercised in regard to the examiner, and not the examinee. I felt very much at one time like exercising my muscles in giving one of them a severe shaking. We were being examined in one of the public schools; the room was filled with busy brains, and all around was still, except the incessant scratch of the pen, as each individual placed upon paper her gathering thoughts. We were not allowed to be quiet long, for our judge, getting tired of sitting, began walking up and down the platform at the head of the room, and there he kept up a continual tramp, until my nerves were in such a state that I felt like giving him so severe a shaking that from complete exhaustion he would give up tramping that day. From the looks of the faces around me I felt pretty sure I was not alone in my misery, and I have no doubt he was more than once mentally shaken. I have always attributed half my blunders that day to the tramping of those feet. I have it from good authority that he still, on examination-day, takes his usual walk. Rheumatism, corns or bunions may be hereditary in the family, and my dear Post, if that man should write to you for a panacea, don't give it to him, but think what a relief his sufferings are to the nerves of would-be school-teachers. I wish to give you a few facts to show what kind of men some of our school examiners are. For instance, the principal of one of our leading normal schools received a letter from a school director, requesting him to send them a teacher who 'understood graymare.' I pity the poor fellow's ignorance, and I think that a little study in grammar might help to fit him for his vocation. Being from the country, he may have wanted some one to break young colts, and gray mares may have required an extra amount of education. I remember once, when having answered a grammatical question correctly, the examiner said 'them's all right.' At another examination where the examiner's hobby was astronomy, he asked one young lady in what direction the moon was from the earth, at that present moment. It being near nightfall she told him to wait a moment and she would go to the door and see. A teacher not long ago told me of a school director, who was writing in reference to having his son placed at school; his letter read as follows; 'Hearing that you have nolegs, I wish to inter my son in your skull,' when translated it would read: Hearing you have knowledge, I wish to enter my son in your school. It seems to me the father needed interring more than the son, and, my dear Post, from the number and variety of questions you answer, you may have room to inter ignorant school-directors. Do you think such men as those are suitable for school-directors? Why should they not be required to have some knowledge as well as the teachers they appoint? There are directors in Philadelphia who can hardly sign their own names—and I doubt if some can even do that. Should not those who have the power of appointing school-teachers, have some sort of an education, at least enough to know how to read and write? It is exceedingly tantalizing to have some men overlook your teaching, when you know they are ignorant of nearly all the branches taught. My dear Post, I want you to give me your idea of school directors in general, and by thus doing you will oblige." If any of the offending school-directors are in existence, after Minnie's castigation, it remains for us to give them the *coup de grace*, and to hope that they may have a fair following of pestered teachers at their funerals. Particularly the individual who sang "Tramp, tramp," with his boot-heels, beating horrid time in Minnie's distracted brain, while she was striving to master the mysteries of mathematics; we hope his corns may grow as lustily as those of the person whom Max Adeler has immortalized, the man with the seven-foot corn. If he applies to us for a remedy, we will give him something to make it flourish, until he is properly punished for not realizing that girls have nerves. From the illustrations given of the sapience of school-directors in general there remains little for us to say. We are not surprised that persons of even ordinary learning rebel against being governed by such a clan as pretend to direct the public schools of Philadelphia. The comparatively low grade of our schools is largely a consequence of their being under the control of men chosen entirely for their political services, and who know about as much concerning the real needs of our school system as a cow knows about logarithms. We are aware that the impression is abroad in Philadelphia that we have a most efficient system of public schools. But if people in general would examine into their real condition, we fear that the vanity of our citizens would suffer a fall. The teachers, perhaps, do all they can with the system given them, but it is very difficult to perform good work with a poor tool. So long as a system is continued which depends utterly on the memory of the pupils, and which counts any answer not precisely in the words of the book a failure, there is no hope of improvement. We have an excellent plan for burdening the memories of pupils with words, a most miserable plan to the development of ideas, and the most of our graduates are learned like parrots, in words but not in meanings.

L. J. B., (Palladia,) asks: "Can you tell me why we never hear of expeditions to the South Pole, and why all go to the North Pole? Is it more dangerous to go to the South Pole than to the North Pole? There cannot be so much ice south as north, can there?" There have been a number of expeditions to the South Pole. Many of the north polar expeditions were made with the purpose of discovering northeast and northwest passages, from ocean to ocean. The results of these voyages opened questions and stimulated curiosity, which have given scientists a special interest in the north polar seas. The ice south appears to be quite as dangerous to penetrate as that north. In fact, navigators have penetrated four degrees further north than south. Much of the southern region has not been explored, however, and it is probable that efforts will be made in that direction in the near future.

BLANCH, (Highland, Ills.,) asks: "Will you oblige a reader of the Post by answering the following questions? 1st. Which State of the United States has the most counties? 2d. Where can I obtain the History of Oregon? And what will it cost? 3d. Where was the first railroad of America built? And by whom? 4th. Which sewing-machine is the best in use at the present? 5th. What is the population of the United States at the present? 6th. By whom was the first knitting-machine invented?" 1st. Texas. It has 181 counties, and 2 territories or districts. 2d. From any bookdealer. By addressing a bookseller in your nearest city, you can learn all particulars. 3d. The first railroad intended for steam locomotives was built by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Co., in 1828, running from their coal mines to Honesdale, in this State. 4th. There are so many rival machines, and every housekeeper claims so decidedly that hers is the best, that we will not venture to decide. 5th. By the last census the population is 38,558,150. 6th. We do not know. There are numerous inventions in this line. The Lamb machine is said to be a very good one.

H. H., (Washington, Ill.,) writes: "I have been a reader of your paper for many years, and as you are so kind in answering questions, I will ask you a few. 1st. Who was the first settler in Illinois, and when? Was he a homesteader, and in what part did he reside? 2d. What is the name of the largest vessel ever made, and where was she made, and what is her size? 3d. What kind of soil is best adapted to apple-trees? 4th. Are they constructing a balloon to cross the Atlantic? 5th. What length of time does it take to send a message across the Atlantic and get an answer back? 6th. At what speed did the fastest locomotive ever run, and what was the name of the man that run it? 7th. Where can I purchase apple-seeds and osage orange, &c., and what is the best way to save them from freezing out in winter? 8th. How many years have I taken the Post?" 1st. Father Marquette, a Canadian priest, was the first white explorer of Illinois. Robert de la Salle, another French Canadian, first attempted settlements upon the soil of that State. This was long before the age of homestead laws. 3d. The Great Eastern. She was built in England. She is, at her deck, 691 feet long and 83 feet wide—her draught from 30 to 80 feet—22,500 gross tonnage. 3d. We have seen them flourishing in a great variety of soils. The kind best adapted probably varies with the variety of apple. 4th. Yes. They announce their intention to start the latter part of August. 5th. It depends on the length of the message. A signal could be sent across and back almost instantaneously. 6th. About ninety-three miles an hour, for a short distance. We do not know the man's name. 7th. From any dealer in agricultural materials. Apply at Chicago. To save them from freezing, the roots should be protected in some manner from the influence of extreme cold. 8th. We cannot tell, as you subscribe in a club. All clubs are crossed off the books yearly.

S. C., (Wahsatch, Utah,) writes: "Will you please take the trouble of answering me two questions? 1st. Is Edwin Booth the man who assassinated Abraham Lincoln, and was he hanged, or is he still at large? 2d. What do you think of my handwriting?" 1st. No. It was John Wilkes Booth, a brother of Edwin Booth. He was shot while attempting to escape from the parties in pursuit of him. 2d. You write a good hand, though it would be better if less flourishing.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]